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CHAPTER XIII

LESSER LIGHTS

Micat inter omnes, velut inter ignes, luna minores. .

Brother Vorbrinck was the first Jesuit in Woodstock, and all but the longest resident in the College. He came to supervise the building for our interests in the year 1868, and our interests did not suffer under his supervision. Fussiness had no place in his makeup. His cool common sense and a remarkable fund of information relating to almost every form of outdoor activity and indoor skill made any remark or suggestion of his worth weighing and worth following. His youth did not detract from his authority; his modesty and his quiet determination added to it. Men knew that he was backed up by the moneyed power, and that his objections would be upheld; so that, even were the builders disposed to slight their work, they must in their own interest live up to their contract.

Brother Vorbrinck belonged to the best type of Westphalian Catholics; intelligent, honest and honorable, he walked before God. He knew his faith and lived it from his youth. Entering on the religious life in 1856, he gave himself unreservedly to God, interiorly and exteriorly. As his interior has been illuminated by a sympathetic ray in *The Letters* (Vol. XLII, p. 108), it is fitting to say something here of the exterior man and his works for the benefit of those who have not known him, and have not witnessed his untiring labors for Woodstock during his stay of forty-four years. He was slightly below the middle height, of powerful build, with a chest and back that would do credit to an Alaskan brown bear. His face was florid by nature and by living so much in the open. His voice was deep

and strong; but was never heard in full force except at five a. m. when his *Laudetur Jesus Christus*, uttered with faith and devotion, was wafted like the mellow tones of a big bell from one wing to another through the hundred yards of the main building. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, that refrain, as an act of devotion and charity, went up from his lungs every morning after he had served Father Sestini's early Mass, until cancer of the throat deprived him of his voice. In food he followed the Community at home; when abroad, anything that came to hand, or nothing at all, satisfied him and his refection was more likely to be nothing at all than bread and cheese. He could abstain as well as eat, and he was equally good at both. A walk to Baltimore, or from there to Woodstock, was nothing in his eyes if necessity demanded it; and he went about his work before and after it as if nothing had happened. In his absence work went on as though he were present, for accurate directions were left with the men, and no more was assigned than they could easily manage.

At work the hardest tasks were taken by him. If a barrel or a bag or a cake of ice proved too much for a man, he would say: "Here Bill or Joe, let me try", and the article moved as wanted. Even the mules at times got the benefit of his muscles. Going up hill, or into a rut, the wagon would come to a standstill, and the mules, not hearing the peculiar dialect which mules best understand, would strain at the traces without advancing. Two men would get at one wheel with Brother Vorbrinck at the opposite side. Alfred without profanity would crack his whip and the team had to advance. There was no comment, no boasting, no compliment. What happened was expected. It was a matter of course. Though the men were perfectly at their ease, there was never any familiarity. They were hired for work, not too much of it; they performed their task, whether Brother was present or absent.

There was hardly anything connected with the running of a farm in which he was not considered an expert by farmers in our neighborhood: ploughing, tilling, reaping, pasturage and care of stock. His powers of observation

were most accurate, and his memory of facts phenomenal in most widely different directions. He could tell almost to a bushel the quantity of wheat a crop would yield; but he would first examine the individual ears, their thickness in rows and the size of the field. He could tell within a few pounds the weight of a hog or a steer, the amount of milk a cow would give, and the increase of butter resulting from a special feed. In addition to his own observations extending over many years, he was a constant reader of the *Farmers' Weekly*, published in Towson, and he carefully treasured in his memory whatever he read. All this was utilized in the interest of the College, and of anyone who chose to consult him. With all this, he was as free from vanity or boasting as a carpenter who found out the length of a board by measuring it with a foot rule.

He might have exacted from his men work from sun up to sun down, but did not expect from them what he could not do himself without neglect of his spiritual exercises, and these he would not forego for anything short of a cataclysm. In the eyes of the neighbors he was the one important man in the Community. Rectors and Ministers might come and go, but as long as he remained all went well. He knew everybody and everyone knew him, and from his verdict there was no appeal. There was no discussion, no anger, no passion. He never raised his voice except to waken his side of the house, and the other side incidentally. He was kind and sympathetic to all, and his grave face lit up with a benevolent smile for everyone. To every member in the house he was most respectful; Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers. It was said in the early days that he was reprimanded by Father Paresce for want of respect to a Scholastic. It is a doubtful tradition; but if founded on fact, certainly no second rebuke was ever necessary.

In August, 1906, the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance came. It was the ninth day of the month. From past history he anticipated a celebration, and had reason to fear that it would be warmer of its kind than those that had preceded it. To avoid embarrassment he went some time previous to the date with a very unusual request to Father Minister, nothing less than a holiday.

It was the first in forty years, and was granted with pleasure and wonderment. On Jubilee day Brother Vorbrinck quietly slipped into the woods taking with him a piece of bread and a lump of cheese. There were springs enough around to enable him to wash down his Jubilee dinner. Hamlet was left out of the play. He slipped back quietly to his work when all was over. He had enjoyed his first holiday in forty years.

If Brother Vorbrinck was the earliest resident in Woodstock, Brother Hill could claim the longest term there—forty-five years without interruption. Born in 1831, he picked up the trade of blacksmith before entering the Novitiate in 1859. He worked for two years with Brother Walch, the maker of our clock, and of many other clocks equally famous. The clock-maker of Frederick held the record for taciturnity in his day, and will deserve an honorable mention for all days. During the Visitation once the Provincial wandered into the workshop, presuming permission, to see the tools and brass wheels and other articles; for Brother Walch kept the wheels, not in his head, but hanging up in orderly fashion on hooks, or lying on shelves within convenient reach. Father Provincial, after inspecting all that fell beneath his gaze, began to put some question, not of an official character, but to satisfy a harmless curiosity, and to study the genius before him. He received the shortest replies compatible with reverence, and fearing there might be some cause of discontent, he asked the Brother if there was anything the matter that made him so reluctant to speak. The curt reply came back: "It is time of silence."

Brother Hill could not quite equal his master in silence, though he was a good second; but what his tongue lacked in sound was abundantly made up by his resounding anvil. Horses and mules needed shoes Winter and Summer, and each one of them wore two pair at a time, while the oxen needed four; ploughs and harrows required constant attention; stonecutters called for daily sharpening of their chisels dulled by refractory Woodstock granite; the water wheel needed daily inspection and frequent repairs; the bathrooms were liable to call for

sudden remedies, and the blacksmith turned plumber on five minutes' notice. Again the kitchen utensils needed frequent and urgent soldering, and the plumber became a tinsmith. There were 150 stoves or more in the house, which had each a fragile grate or a refractory length of stove-pipe; and there were some men in the house who knew almost as much about the management of stoves as a blacksmith does about Plain Chant. Brother Hill was called upon in these emergencies, and in his leisure moments, if he could cheat time, skates were to be sharpened —fortunately not in July—and iron work from all quarters of the house was to be restored to utility. How did he maintain his even, cheerful temper, how could he keep up his perennial smile, even when obliged to give up something important and hasten to remedy something that menaced damage? His Guardian Angel had a busy day recording the work and the smiles. How the devil must have hated all that obedience, cheerfulness, patience, charity and silence! What a treasure he was in a house twenty-five miles from civilization, a blacksmith, tinsmith, brazier, locksmith, plumber all in one little body! There was not enough of him to play a good game of ball with Brother Vorbrinck on Sunday afternoons, so he rested and read the lives of the Saints or some devotional work. He took part in the historical and theological discussions of the Brothers, but one would have to be close at hand to know that he had made a remark. When he died he was in his eighty-fourth year, and Father Minister might well have quoted the Beadle's comment on the death of Father Maldonado: "Woodstock's treasure is gone".

Among the survivors of the opening day is Brother McCloskey, infirmarian at Georgetown at the present writing. Though his stay was not long, either on the first or second sojourn here, his activities were various and useful. He was infirmarian, assistant refectorian, mail carrier, at one time a butcher when we slaughtered and masticated our own meat. If the chewing was a gymnastic exercise, it was through no fault of the butcher, but because we tried to eat the beef on the day of killing. There was at that time no place for the proper storing of

meat until it was fit to eat. That convenience was not provided until the year 1888. At another time Brother McCloskey, besides curing the hides, worked them up into shoes when tanned into leather. He was a much-needed man in the new Novitiate at West Park, and so we lost him. Some future contributor to the Georgetown Journal will detail his many acts of kindness to the sick students and ailing members of the Community.

Another charter member of the Scholasticate was Brother Marley, who died at the Novitiate in Poughkeepsie, Sept. 6, 1925. He deserves our gratitude, for he did his best to feed the hungry in our early days, and nourished piety by faithful work as Sacristan in Georgetown, Worcester and Brooklyn.

Brother Raphael Vezza was one of the contributions made by the Province of Naples to the upbuilding of Woodstock College. He was a carpenter by trade, a good and steady worker, if a slow one. He provided the house with wardrobes and cases for the mineral and other specimens of the future museum. He was taciturn by nature and silent by necessity, as he could speak but little English and was averse to learning. He read Italian books and prayed in the chapel when unable to work.

From Woodstock's second year until his death in September, 1888, Brother John Cunningham was the most orginal character in the Community and a valued worker in his sphere. He was an Ulster man with the militant Catholicity of the "Far Down!" He was a man of limited education, but of ready wit, keen observation, wide experience and very sound judgement. The facts of his life are carefully detailed in *The Letters* of 1888, and his disposition and devotedness sympathetically set forth by one who knew him well, Brother Dugan, who succeeded him in Georgetown as well as in Woodstock. His manliness, uprightness and devoted Catholic spirit made a strong impression on Priests and Bishops who came in touch with him in his early days. Had he come in contact with Bishop Hughes earlier in life, there is good reason to think that he would have been urged to study for the Priesthood like the great orator and churchmen, Bishop Hughes himself. His business as a well digger and cistern maker made him acquainted with many men and

many places, like his prototype Ulysses, an experience which broadened his knowledge and furnished him with a large store of anecdotes and illustrations. His humility made him say that he had given forty years of his life to the world; and his prayer on reception into the Society, after some refusals, was that he might be privileged to give as many to God in religion. He obtained his request with a bonus of more than a year thrown in. As long as Brother Cunningham was able to work, he was engaged in the infirmary; first in Georgetown from 1847 to 1870, and next in Woodstock up to his final breakdown. With his natural talent and his long experience, his knowledge of ailments and their cure was little less than that of a regular physician, and in many cases more accurate than that of many physicians, especially in the case of boys. His devotedness to the sick was untiring, and was thoroughly appreciated by the victims of disease; but he was a terror to those who were inclined to sham sickness, and very promptly he rid the infirmary of their presence. A harmless purge was a preliminary treatment followed up by the minimum of food necessary to support life. Needless to say that his cures were effective and permanent. A favorite and effective remedy of his for colic was what the Scholastics called hell-fire from the feeling of intense heat produced. The sensation of heat must have been as great in the hand of the infirmarian as in the body of the patient; but "Brother Johnny," as the boys called him, did not spare himself when the good of others was concerned.

As long as he had strength, he was a tireless worker; in the infirmary when there was anything to do; outside when his domain was in perfect order. He was a strong believer in the value of whitewash, and was an expert in its application. His service was in demand during vacation, not only in the College, but in Georgetown Convent also. Once, as he was about to begin operations there, when his bucket and brush were ready, and he had just lighted his pipe preparatory to artistic work, one of the Out-Sisters happened along, and seeing the pipe cried out in horror at the desecration of the Academy: "Brother, Brother, Brother, you can't do that; it is against the rules".

"Go away, woman," replied Brother Johnny, "Haven't I trouble enough with my own rules without bothering about yours?" Probably Brother knew well enough that neither the Sisters nor the girls were allowed to smoke pipes in the Academy building; but he knew, too, that he could work better with his old pipe than without it, and so he kept to his pipe and went on with his work. The windows were all open in July, and the smoke could get out without exorcism or the aid of a novena. To prove to himself in a practical way that he was not a slave to his pipe, Brother Cunningham put his pipe away on Ash Wednesday, not to be touched again until Lent was over.

The long years that Brother Cunningham spent in religion, to balance those spent in the world,served only to accentuate his native wit and sound judgement; while they perfected his strong faith and spirit of piety. The wit amused the Sisters who loved to steal around his bed in the Hospital, his sound judgement and wise saws astonished them, and his piety edified them. He was a character, and a saintly one, whom they regretted to lose. He died on September 27th, 1888, in his eightieth year.

In August, 1871, two Brothers were added to the Community who were destined to serve long and faithfully: the one to clothe, if not the naked, at least those needing habits and coats; the other to give drink to the thirsty when it was in order, or when they had permission. Brother Ekins had a striking face and figure. He was tall, well-built, handsome, with a thoughtful, intelligent face. In his long hours of work he had abundant time for thought as he plied his needle in silence. He could not help hearing at times terms used in Philosophy and Theology, and he pondered over them alone and over a word of explanation which he occasionally received. His mind seemed to hunger for the knowledge which he knew was poured out freely in the College year after year. In hopes of picking up something new, he would drop a term or phrase used in classes, and if corrected, would ruminate over the new idea. In the course of his thirty-two years he seemed to become familiar with a good deal that was taught in the house. He never paraded his little

lore among the Scholastics as the "Theologian of the Brothers". His hunger for knowledge never apparently made him in any way discontented with his lot. He was a faithful and good worker, quiet in word and movement, grave and religious during the fifty-three years which he loyally devoted to the Society. Of course, he had his Jubilee, and he heard then terms and compliments which he had never heard before, and which must have sorely tried his equanimity and his humility.

Brother Patrick McGlone lacked one year of his Jubilee when he died in Woodstock, Feb. 13, 1907. Had he lived long enough and in full possession of his memory, there would have been a rare celebration and probably a rare speech, for he surely would have been called upon to enlighten the house for a minute or two. He was a thin, spare man with stooping shoulders. He had a witty tongue, which he used freely on his friends, but the poison was extracted when he attacked whether friend or foe. He had the reputation of being stingy and he tried to live up to it, though not always with success; because he needed help at times, and then he paid in kind—his own kind. He was often accused of illicit baptism of the claret, but he could always defend his practice with a good theological argument; the letter of the rule and the wishes of Superiors. On feast days he passed around a decoction of his own which the Scholastics named "McGlone's Hair Tonic". It looked like glycerine, had its own undefinable taste and was perfectly innocuous. In his early days he was somewhat of a wag as well as an amateur scold, good-natured and self-sacrificing. He died in 1907 at the age of eighty-five, long bereft of his lively spirit, and helpless with the weight of years. His kindness and helpfulness won the gratitude of Father O'Connor, the retired Bishop of Pittsburg, who gave him a relic of the true Cross.

Towards the last days of 1871 Brother O'Kane, who had been teaching at Gonzaga, was transferred to Woodstock to take charge of *The Woodstock Letters* and printing office. Naturally he got a lengthy notice in *The Letters* for 1904, the first issue after his death. He had received a good Grammar School education in Ireland,

young as he was when he left home, and he was fortunate enough to employ his leisure hours in seeking further advancement when he settled down to work in his new home at Philadelphia. He was a young man of superior intelligence and respectable attainments when received into the Society in 1848 at the age of twenty-three. Before his advent to Woodstock he had occupied positions requiring intelligence, tact and good judgment. He was buyer and teacher in the school at Frederick, and for four months taught an English class at Gonzaga High School. The contemplated issue of *The Woodstock Letters*, so dear to the heart of Father Keller, called for more steady labor than the spasmodic work of Scholastics during recreations and holidays. They had done so well that certainty arose as to the success of a venture in publication if entrusted to the hands of a steady worker of good taste and judgement. Brother O'Kane threw his whole soul into the task entrusted to him. Though he had no experience of the printer's trade, he had brains, taste, industry aud perseverance which made him in the long run an accurate typesetter, a good pressman and a tasteful master of his business. The advance made in the printing office during Brother O'Kane's charge may be seen from an examination of the first edition of Mazzella's publications and the latest edition of Sabetti which he turned out. The same may be gathered from earlier programmes and these as contrasted with recent prints. He was always appreciative of the little gifts which visiting Rectors sometimes made him to purchase for his office specimens of ornate type. These he used with taste, but the flamboyant had no attraction for him. He had no use and no space for the florid.

Though he had never studied Latin, experience in setting up these Latin works made him acquainted with a large number of words and even forms. He was of a quick nervous temperament, but he kept himself under perfect control. He was grave, dignified, religious, with a horror of any breach of decorum, and a keen interest in all the activites of the College, with never a projection of self on the screen.

If one were to search the diaries of the house, one might read that Brother John Siebers came to work in the gar-

den in 1872, and left for Frederick about ten years later. Nearing seventy years of age, he was sent to the Novitiate to prepare for death, and he looked so small and thin that a visit from the Angel of Death might be expected at any time. But though that might be, he would work to the end, and he kept on until 1889, raising abundant vegetables for the Community. In Woodstock few saw him, no one heard him, but he was ever hard at work. He was a Hollander accustomed to unfathomable depth of soil. In his Woodstock garden he fathomed rock in places after a few inches, and not accustomed to a rock in truck gardens, he proceeded to remove the rock and to level the southern slope of his ground. Look at the eastern embankment of the garden by the old orchard. Brother Siebers in the winter months cut the soil, from the level of the orchard down to its present state, he extracted the underlying rock, and with it made the stone wall which you see around you. To animate him, he placed a statue of our Lady on the rock at the south-eastern corner of his domain. His little frame needed some extraordinary aid to complete his work. His herculean assistant, Brother Gaffney, aided him towards the end, and succeeded him for many years in raising vegetables, but not in rooting up the rock. Brother Siebers was a holy little Trappist transplanted in Woodstock.

In October, 1877, "Dan" Fortescue exchanged places with his brother John, and for years and years had charge of the clothes. He was so small that he might be said to have grown down, not up, with the place. But before he became caretaker of the clothes, he aided the Procurator, as he had done before that in Baltimore, and in rare cases of need he helped Brother Johnny in the infirmary. When he died in 1910 there was but little left to bury. He had expended himself in constant work, attending to the needs of the Community.

Of the incomparable Brother "Dick" Dugan, a late-comer, nothing need be added to what is said in *The Letters*, (Vol. XXXII, p. 132,) except that to save expense for a substitute in the Civil War, he offered to serve in the hospitals. Brother Henry Dugan, a younger brother of the foregoing, deserves a mention not only for his term of

hard, useful work in the Community, but because he was the recipient of a signal favor from our Lady. He had been working in the kitchen on May 23, 1872, up to the hour of examen, when he retired to the Brothers' ascetory. He was missed from dinner and visit, and search being made, he was found senseless on the floor. Every effort was made by the doctor to restore him to consciousness, but in vain. He was bled, under the impression that a stroke of apoplexy had taken place; he was poulticed and blistered and rubbed, but in vain. About 9:00 p. m. some one thought of giving him a few drops of Lourdes water, which had been received two days before. Father Rector, after invoking our Lady, poured a few drops of the water into his mouth, and instantly the Brother regained consciousness and speech. Three weeks later he had a similar but milder attack. The same remedy was applied with the same result. But the affliction was this time removed for ever. He lived twenty-eight years longer, and he died on October 9, 1900, in Georgetown. He was a faithful, silent, useful Brother. (See *The Letters*, Vol. 1.)

CHAPTER XIV

SPIRITUAL GUIDES

Gloria filiorum patres eorum.

The important post of Spiritual Father naturally was assigned to elderly men of wide experience. But with the paucity of members in our Province and in others it was difficult to spare such men in the numerous houses and residences where everybody was overwhelmed with work. So, for a time, Woodstock had to assign one of the Professors for that duty. Naturally enough Father Provincial would approve Father Paresce's choice of Father Maldonado, "Woodstock's treasure". He then was the first of the Spiritual Fathers. Owing, however, to his preparing his course of Theology for publication, he found he could not do that and give due attention to his class and the spiritual needs of the Scholastics at the same time. Hence Superiors were forced to seek a successor.

In 1870 the class work assigned to Father De Augustinis was less urgent than that of most Professors, though he certainly could not boast of a sinecure, He was charged with Scripture Ethics and the Library, yet he took spiritual care of the Community as well. He gave Latin conferences to the Scholastics and English exhortations to the Community, and showed unwonted oratorical fire in each case for the five years which fell to his lot. After Father Cicaterri's breakdown in Frederick and his partial recovery at the end of 1872, he came to Woodstock, and began to pour out his torrent of eloquence in elegant Latin and halting English. He was the ideal man for the place, ex-Master of Novices, ex-Instructor of Tertians and acquainted with all the subjects of the Province of Maryland. Unfortunately, his recovery was only temporary, and on July 15th, 1873, he passed to his reward in Heaven and to his resting place on the little hill, our present Cemetery.

After the lamented death of Father Cicaterri, Father De Augustinis had to resume the office of Spiritual Father while his class of Evening Dogma continued, and supervision of the printing office was added. While Father Sestini was chief advocate of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and edited the *Messenger* as an organ of the devotion, while Father Pantanella urged the need of beautifying the shaggy hill to brighten the prospect of the students, Father De Augustinis was the man to realize Father Provincial's hopes for the mission of the printing press. To him, therefore, the Printing Office looked for patronage, and to him, too, the Community looked for spiritual direction for two years more. However, when he began to print his volumes *De Re Sacramentaria*, it was evident that he could not combine his duties as Spiritual Father with printing and lecturing in the class of Evening Dogma. Relief had to be procured for him, and relief of the most satisfactory kind was at hand.

Father John Baptist Miège was a native of Savoy, and had studied under his Brother in the Episcopal Seminary until he finished two years of Philosophy. He entered the Society in 1836, making his Novitiate in Milan. After three years of regency in Milan and one year in Chambéry, Savoy, he was sent to Rome for his Theology. He had just finished his fourth year when the Revolution broke out in 1848. He managed to escape without molestation through a perfect disguise, and by his peremptory ways with officers and men on board a boat at Cività Vecchia he secured good treatment and respect for his fellow religious. Had it been suspected that he was a Jesuit, he and his brethren would have fared differently. People supposed he was some one in authority and were afraid in his majestic presence to manifest their anti-Christian spirit.

Reaching France in safety, he got permission to pass over to America as a recruit for the Indian missions. Before he could well settle down to work in St. Louis, he found himself appointed Bishop of the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Rockies, Texas and Nebraska. There were Indians there to his heart's content. But his heart was far from content. He did not

like Indians served up in that way. He refused the Bulls of Consecration, but was by the Pope's command forced to acquiesce. He was consecrated March 25th, 1851. His See was Messina *in partibus*, given that he might not be obliged to sever his connections with the Society. After laboring strenuously for twenty-three years, seeing to the wants of the Indians, cowboys, traders, goldminers, gamblers and other offscourings of the border, with some faithful immigrants, he was allowed to resign his See and re-enter the Society in December, 1874. He spent some months in St. Louis, a free man after many troubles and anxious labors. The relief was so great that, when he came to us in Summer, he felt like a boy once more, but a boy of sixty years and 250 pounds or more in weight. From the very start he captivated every one. A smile from him, and he always wore a broad one wherever you met him, was enough to dispel the blues; a word from him banished a temptation. He was a consummate tease, but his best powers in that line were reserved for Father Mazzella, who beside him looked like the Council of Trent. Father Mazzella bore the ordeal gracefully, for he had the highest admiration for the learning and virtue of the late Bishop of several States, who had now become one of his brethren and a big small-boy at that.

Like many of the Fathers in his day, he carried a snuff-box; in his case it was a big one and always well filled. The interview with him always began with a pinch of snuff, and if one were dainty with it, or hesitated to help himself, a sly upward movement buried his fingers up to the knuckle, to the intense amusement of Father Miège. He was no *Manichee* any more than Pius IX in regard to tobacco. It was impossible to be distant with him; so much did he overflow with good nature and Christian charity, it was impossible with him, or thinking of him, to entertain a low or mean thought. His big heart, his faith and charity lifted one up into a region beyond the mean or sordid or selfish. He was so happy at his release from responsibility, and at his contact with purity, justice and piety, that his joy overflowed and tinged his looks, his words and his actions. He was all charity, and had wished that it might flourish and develop more and more. That was his parting wish to us as we prayed at

his door and in the corridor while he was receiving Extreme Unction.

His first visit in 1869, of a day or two, brought a blessing to the building; his second visit lasted two years and brought a blessing to the Community; his third visit, ending in death, brought a blessing to our soil. He left us for Rome after his first visit; he left for Detroit to found a College after his second; he left for Heaven after his third, to secure the abundant reward of his many labors and superabundant charity. It was sore disappointment to those who remained to see him leave in 1877; it was a genuine pleasure for those who had known him to welcome him back in 1880. He had filled out his term as Rector and put the College on a good footing and the Community in good standing in the city of Detroit.

In the year 1883 he suffered a paralytic stroke one Spring day at dinner, and did not know it until he attempted to rise. He was transferred to his room with much difficulty. He was as helpless as he was cheerful, and was the happiest man in the party of which he was the centre, seated in his wheel-chair. Sometimes he would wait outside the recreation room while the examinations *ad gradum* were going on; and when the ordeal was over, he would be wheeled by the late combatant and others in procession, to examine, in the man's room, or rather at his door, the wounds received in the mental fray. As he manifested a desire to see the grounds and to meet more of the men, he was later transferred to the first floor next to the Physics Room. From there he was wheeled in fine weather to enjoy the air and view the men. From there he sent us his last message from his death bed, the message of the Beloved Disciple: "Little children, love one another". The lesson that had been so long learned and practised in Woodstock was emphasized by the dying words of Father Miège. There was not one there who did not feel that he was a better man for having known the humble, learned, loveable Jesuit, ex-Bishop of Leavenworth.

While Father Miège was absent in Detroit for three years, the post of Spiritual Father was taken for nearly two by Father Paresce and for one by Father Sestini

Father Paresce had never fully recovered from his stroke in 1874, though for a year he was able to discharge the duty of Spiritual Father in Georgetown. Besides being an able guide, it was thought that residence in Woodstock, the child of his administration, would help him in the matter of health. The work would not strain his mind, and it would be most congenial to watch the development of his great project of a common Scholasticate, and the spiritual growth of the students. Thus, increased health for the Father and progress in holiness for the Scholastics were expected as a result of the change from Georgetown.

Many of the first Professors yet remained, and, though all of the first Theologians had passed out with the seal of Priesthood upon their souls, there were many now in Theology who had lived under Father Paresce as Rector. His presence would help to perpetuate the original family spirit. The family had grown at an unexpected pace, but not too fast for assimilation of the best traits or for progress in the essentials, hard work and religious discipline. These the first Rector, now Spiritual Father, strove by his public exhortations and private conversations to foster. His speech, if slow and subdued, was easy from long practice as Rector and Provincial, and his long tenure of important offices made him acquainted with the dangers to be avoided and the virtues to be cultivated. It was much in his favor that, despite an apparent coldness, he was highly esteemed from reputation and personal contact. And the contact was as frequent as he could make it; for his heart was in his work. But not even Woodstock, any more than New Orleans, Georgetown or Europe, could restore the exhausted powers of Father Paresce; and so in the year 1879 he passed to his reward in Heaven, and his resting place in the little Cemetery. He was succeeded for a year, as said above, by Father Sestini, who snatched time from his *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and from his classes in Mathematics to attend to the spiritual welfare of the Scholastics. With the assistance given him in the former work by Scholastics in writing and by Brother Reardon in bookkeeping,

and with his thorough mastery of Mathematics as exhibited in his own text-books, he was able to discharge his manifold duties. He slept but little, rarely left his room, was an indefatigable worker, and sincerely loved the young and their progress in learning and in spirit. Not dissatisfaction with him, but mercy for him, led to the appointment of Father Miège. The old Spiritual Father gave place gracefully to the new, and was as cordial as any member of the Community in his welcome to the ex-Rector of Detroit, Father Miège, for the next three years.

In 1883 Father John Morgan came to replace Father Miège. In size and geniality he was a good second to his predecessor, though he lacked the Gallic wit and sprightliness. He had made his Theology in Woodstock and knew the place *ab ovo*. His young heart kept him in thorough sympathy with the young up to his dying day, and his love of rambling among archives, traditions and history made him a fitting Editor of *The Letters*. His hand is clearly visible in the sudden developmeut of the *Varia*, items of interest from all parts of the world, jotted down and printed in small type to increase the news without adding to the bulk of volume. He had been on the Missionary Band for several years, but the life was strenuous for one of his bulk. His fund of common sense, his hatred of excess or extravagance of any kind and his sympathetic nature made him a valuable Spiritual Father. What he lacked in eloquence he made up in good judgement and a clear knowledge of the spirit of the Society, with genuine loyalty to every thing characteristic of a good Jesuit. In the treatment of scruples he was an expert. His curt "You don't know what you are talking about" prevented any subsumption on the part of the patient, and he went away satisfied, if he was willing to listen to authority. In any case he carried away a very dogmatic assertion as to his ignorance, a healthy condition of mind in one who is prone to think that he alone understands. In other matters Father Morgan's judgement was much trusted, especially by the secular clergy. He was broad and sympathetic and reticent. People knew that troubles manifested to him never passed his lips, and, no matter what the merits of a case, he gave a patient hearing and a clean-cut answer.

A younger man than the septuagenarian Father Ardia was desirable, though not desired, in Philadelphia at "Old St. Joseph's, and Father Morgan was chosen to fill a place that had been occupied with the highest approval for sixteen years. It was not an easy task to succeed one who was as much endeared to all, and revered by all, as Father Ardia; yet Father Morgan was no chance experiment. The boys in school, and in a special Latin class for the Sanctuary Boys, found him a worthy successor to Father Jordan. In point of scholarship there was much to be desired, as he could not find it in his heart to blame if any excuse could be discovered; and it would be a complicated case of idleness, indeed, if Father Morgan could not find a plea. After five years at St. Joseph's he went into training at St. Thomas for the post of Rector in Baltimore which he filled for nine years. Here he increased the number of students and erected the new College for his successor. Numbers decreased somewhat under his successors, but scholarship advanced very laudably, and the Loyola boys began to lift up their heads in competition with others of their grade both in physical and mental gymnastics. He was sent back to Philadelphia, where he suffered a paralytic stroke. He was helpless for several months, but recovered sufficiently to move about unaided and to say Mass. His closing days were spent as Spiritual Father in Washington, where he died November 26th, 1906.

Father John Verdin came out of the West in 1885 to dispense sunshine and sacred wisdom to the Community at Woodstock. He was born in St. Louis in 1822, and was among the first students in the primary classes of what budded later into the present flourishing St. Louis University. He entered the Novitiate at Florissant at the age of sixteen, and returned after two years to teach in his Alma Mater. His early years were of the most strenuous kind, for he lived in pioneer times. There was no respite from teaching and prefecting, the latter duty continuing even in the months of vacation. His studies were made under difficult circumstances, if you except the conclusion of his course in Theology. After his Third Probation he was engaged in the most important

posts in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Bardstown and Chicago, as Prefect of Studies or as Rector. During the Civil War he directed the destinies of Bardstown, at one time under the eye of Southern soldiers, again under the scrutiny of Union leaders. His prudence carried him safely through the ordeal. A rash word or act might have involved the institution in ruin, but the word was not spoken, the deed was not done. What a relief to the young Rector when the horrid contest came to an end! Before coming to Woodstock, Father Verdin spent some years in the consuming task of Missionary. He was not strong though wiry, and a respite from the intense activity was desirable for one who had passed the age of sixty-three.

The West had been asked to give us a Spiritual Father once, and responded with a temporary loan of Father Miège and a permanent loan three years later. The experience was so pleasant and so profitable that it was desirable to renew it. Father Verdin was the answer to the second request, and a very acceptable answer he was. Of course, to the members of the Missouri Province who knew him by reputation or by personal association, he brought a home feeling and a sense of triumph that a most important position was assigned to one of their very own. He was a breath of the breezy West which was wafted to them in the East during the time of a temporary exile. But Father Verdin did not long remain a representative of Missouri; he belonged to us all. He was a Jesuit, and a good one, without geographical limitations, devoted to his charge, whether hailing from East or West, from Europe or America. In a short time he had captivated us all. He was genial, kind, bubbling up with good nature and overflowing with charity and sympathy. If he was not of French descent, he certainly showed the sprightliness of a Frenchman. His influence was boundless, for his experience gave him authority, and his fatherly and brotherly spirit inspired respect and affection. What a blessing his cool, broad, sympathetic mind was to the *ordinandi* as they faced with fear and trembling the tremendous responsibility and the unspeakable honor of the Priesthood! Like another Saviour walking on the stormy waters, he would hold out his hand and say: "O thou of little faith, why didst thou

doubt?" Or again he would quote the Saviour at the Last Supper: "Let not your hearts be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me." In reality there was no trouble, but only that peculiar mingling of fear and joy attendant on the presence of the supernatural, and the realization of the sacred Humanity of Christ, of which there are numerous examples in the Gospels.

Failing health caused his recall to St. Louis where he was soon to celebrate his Golden Jubilee,and where he began and ended his active career. Father Higgins, Provincial and Woodstock's first candidate for the *Examen ad Gradum*, in a few masterly words summed up the life of Father Verdin: "Charitable under every circumstance himself, he taught others to be charitable, and us his brethren to love one another. For this we thank you, Father Verdin, and upon this particularly do we felicitate you on your Jubilee festival." A volume of verses conveyed the greeting of Woodstock on the occasion, and countless letters and telegrams poured in from subjects and superiors throughout the country. This manifestation was appropriate at the Jubilee, but it was latent before, and continued after the festivity. Father Verdin loved everybody and everybody loved him in return. (See *Woodstock Letters*, Vol. XVII, p. 211 and Vol. XIX, p. 97).

In 1888 two Fathers were appointed to look after the spiritual interests of Woodstock; Father Duranquet, chief in charge, and Father Frisbee for the Philosophers in particular. Father Duranquet was nearing eighty years of age, and was no longer able to continue the strenuous work which had occupied him for thirty years amid the outcasts and derelicts of New York city. He had been present at the exit of almost every criminal executed there during a quarter of a century. He was a constant attendant at the Tombs, and was among the first of Ours to minister to the prisoners and paupers on Blackwell's Island. His first exhortation bore the odor of his discourses to his former charges, and naturally it was little suited to our Domestic Chapel. He was too old to change his style, and so his first discourse in Woodstock was his last also. He was a sweet amiable old man in spite of his grim look. No one blamed the look, for his career and infirmities

were calculated to impress grimness on the features of St. Francis de Sales. His monks in the Tombs were little accustomed to asceticism, meditation and reading; but though he could not induce them to do much in the way of meditation, he found a means of making them do a little reading by giving as a penance a chapter of Kempis to be read once or oftener in case a repetition of the dose was deemed necessary or advisable. He hoped that the book might be taken down at other times, to break the monotony of their cells. This practice he transported to Woodstock, where it was more appropriate and better appreciated.

Father Duranquet belonged to a saintly family which gave five members to the Society, three of whom labored among the Hindoos of Madura, and another among the Indians of Ontario. Probably without the glory of evangelizing the heathen, Henry Duranquet endured severer toils among the Indians of Manhattan than did his brothers among the heathen. Full of days and laden with merit he passed to his reward at Woodstock, December 30th, 1891. (See *Woodstock Letters*, Vol. XXII, p. 133).

The longest period of any Spiritual Father fell to Father Samuel Frisbee, who was coadjutor and successor to Father Duranquet. He was a graduate of Yale, and had begun to study Law when, very much to his own surprise and the surprise of all his friends, he became a Catholic; to his own surprise because, as he once said to the present writer, the last place he ever expected to find God's truth was in the Catholic Church. When he abjured his ancestral brand of infidelity, he so put on Catholicity as to leave no vestige of his Puritanism discernible to the most searching scrutiny. Instead of any primness that might be expected in one who was reared in the atmosphere that surrounded his early years, he was as simple and unconventional as one could be, consistently with the character of a perfect gentleman and a perfect religious. Through timidity, a certain brusqueness showed itself occasionally in word and action, and impeded his pronunciation and readiness as a speaker. He had to write out carefully all his exhortations, and nervousness sometimes caused havoc in the order of his papers, as

when he made Father Roothaan leave the Society, or St. John Berchmans wrap his crucifix about his rule book.

Father Frisbee is viewed from so many angles and so truthfully and sympathetically in *The Letters* (Volume XXXVI, p. 210) that not much more can be said. His weather bulletins and invitations to walk were for a time on the point of being forbidden by Father Racicot, as calculated to destroy his influence and lower his dignity; but the prohibition fortunately was never issued. He was too influential a man to lose his dignity; the less he cared for it, the more secure it was. He undoubtedly did much good by his W. W. C. excursions. His knowledge of ascetical literature was wide and thorough, and was of the greatest use in directing the spiritual reading of the Scholastics. Any one who looked beneath the surface would conclude that Father Frisbee was an interior man, one who habitually lived in the presence of God, and not least so when provoking others to pedestrian effort. Expressions of heartfelt regret and concern went up from all who knew him, and particularly from the quondam members of the Woodstock Walkers' Club, when the announcement of his death from pneumonia, February 19, 1907, reached the various houses of the Province.

Father Frisbee was one of the pioneers of Woodstock, a member of the Second Year of Philosophy, Beadle of Philosophers, and writer of the Latin diary from which many of the items of this History have been culled. His entries are as terse and businesslike as they could be, pure logic, with all rhetoric excluded. The young man was father of the old.

The man who started the legend that Jesuits have no character of their own, their original traits being crushed out in the moulding process, knew very little about Jesuits, though doubtless he deemed himself an expert in the matter. Who could be more different than Father Frisbee and Father Daugherty, the next Spiritual Father? In the former there was a natural brusquerie of action and of speech; the latter was slow and deliberate in speech and movement; the one retained to the end a suppressed intensity; the other was a good illustration of the

Greek idea of civilization—no excess in word or deed. In the Community Father Daugherty was a lubricant for creaking machinery, an oil reservoir for stilling troubled waters. With an unusual fund of common sense, sound judgement and good talent, he was gentle, suave, patient and charitable, loyal to the Society and Superiors, with a reserved right of disagreeing when his opinion was in opposition, though with charity towards all, whether subjects or Superiors. He was an excellent mathematician, a good teacher, a sound moralist and extremely popular in the posts he occupied at Gonzaga, Georgetown and Woodstock. Father Daugherty carried to his grave the esteem and affection of all who had the privilege of knowing him. (See *The Letters*, Vol. XLIII, p. 385).

CHAPTER XV

FIRST FRUITS

Ex Fructibus eorum Cognoscetis eos.

First among the students of Woodstock to teach here was Father Degni of the Neapolitan Province. Born in Naples in 1842, of a noble family, he entered the Society in 1858, in time to meet the hostility of the Garibaldians, and like the other members of his Province to fly abroad for peace and an education. He came to us in 1871 to finish his Theology. He had been given a special course in Science and Mathematics, for which he showed an aptitude. After completing his fourth year in 1872, he spent the next two years in teaching Philosophy in Worcester, which he could do, as, at that time, the boys were able to make the course in Latin. His third Probation was made in Frederick, 1874-5, after which he came to Woodstock to take over Physics and Chemistry from Father Valente. Here he remained until 1888, when he was recalled to Naples to teach and to govern until his death in 1909.

He was not a linguist, and he found English peculiarly difficult to pronounce. Besides, he seemed to suffer from aphasia, so that his sentences were at times left unfinished. It must have been a source of mortification to him not to be able to express satisfactorily the knowledge which he certainly possessed. Of course, in his class there arose, at times, incidents and there occurred pronunciations and combinations of words that excited a smile or a laugh. This was always disconcerting; as he did not understand the men and was prone to be suspicious. However, there was no disrespect, and there was much store set by his learning. He can scarcely be called a product of Woodstock; yet, from having spent one year as a student here, he deserves a mention among the Professors of Woodstock's training.

Father Polino was born in Sicily while his father held a

post in the Neapolitan army there. He entered the Society in Naples in time to be expelled with our Fathers by the Garibaldians. The republicanism of the "liberators" of Italy cured him forever of any sympathy he might have had with the republican form of government, and made him a staunch defender of absolutism. His exile from Naples carried him to Ireland for his Novitiate, to France for his Juniorate, to Spain for his Philosophy, to Manila for his teaching, and back to France for Theology and ordination. Compared with these wanderings, old Ulysses was a stay-at-home. But the end is not yet. Destined for the New Mexican Mission, he stopped at Frederick for his Third Year, and was there intercepted to spend seven years at Woodstock teaching Philosophy. Then he was allowed to continue his journey to New Mexico where, in addition to parochial work, he was a contributor to *Revista Catolica*. Eight years spent in Spain or a Spanish country made him master of the lauguage, while extensive reading and seven years' teaching of Philosophy furnished him with facts and principles. His advocacy of absolutism in government did not make many converts in Woodstock, but sometimes led to heated discussions in classes and circles. However, there was a compromise in the general practice of charity. The cordiality which could not exist in the classroom was restored outside its walls. He was about to be recalled to Italy when the hand of death laid him low at Las Vegas, N. M., September 13th, 1888. (See *The Letters*, Vol. XVII, p. 385).

Though Father Polino could not claim to be a product of Woodstock, Father John Murphy, who joined the Faculty in 1876, to take the chair of Scripture, could put forth such a claim. However, he owed much more to Maynooth than to our system. He received his preliminary training in Carlow, and made the course of Philosophy and Theology in the great Irish Seminary. He was a distinguished man among able competitors, and held the esteem of students and Professors. However, he was unwilling to receive Holy Orders, as the way did not seem clear to him. As a "Spoiled Priest" he came to New York, and before long he discovered the way under Fa-

ther Cicaterri, Master of Novices in Frederick. He was a man of striking appearance and versatile mind, a good speaker, a good writer, a good teacher and of excellent taste. His very versatility was an obstacle to any unusual success; for, as a stop-gap, he was hurried from one post to another as emergencies arose. Once he wrote to Father Brady, the Provincial, expressing his concern lest men in the Province might be disedified at his frequent changes, as if he could not be satisfied in any position. Year after year saw Father Murphy in some new occupation, and generally in a new house, until he was anchored for a term as Rector in Gonzaga and again at St. Francis Xavier's. He was ready for any emergency, and acquitted himself in each with honor to the Society and credit to himself. He was a good, clear, orderly speaker, and was at his very best when called upon suddenly. There was no time for over-training, which was apt to supervene as a result of his severe critical standard. Then his well-stocked mind found ready expression, matter absorbed his attention, and manner was relegated to the morrow, very much to the advantage of matter. He was a Rhetorician by nature and could scarcely violate the essentials of discourse.

In Woodstock he reviewed his Philosophy for one year and his Theology for another, and came back to teach Scripture as successor to Father Jovino, his former teacher. The year was a very profitable one to himself as well as to his class. (See *The Letters*, Vol. XXII, p. 137).

Rev. Edward I. Devitt was one of the Community on the opening day of Woodstock, September 23, 1859. He entered the Society from Holy Cross College in 1869, and after four years spent in Frederick as Novice and Junior, he was sent out to teach for six years more before he began his Philosophy. He was one of the sixteen who formed the first year of the Scholasticate. In three years he finished that study, and was in the first graduating class of 1872. August saw his transfer to the Theologians' side of the house, where he remained hard at work for four years more, taking no inconsiderable share in the intellectual battles of the course. With two others of the original sixteen he was ordained in 1875, and with two of them he completed the full course in 1876. In age and

vocation he was the patriarch, the first graduate of the course of studies. Throughout, his name appears frequently among the disputants in the public contests, and generally as defendant. After his Third Year, made at Frederick in 1879, he returned to Woodstock to teach, the first of her graduates to be raised to the honorable post of Professor in his Alma Mater. He remained here four years, and took charge of *The Woodstock Letters*, which had been left without a patron for some time. In addition he took upon himself, during the last two years of his stay, the care of the little Mission at Poplar Springs. He was stationed at Georgetown until the Fall of 1886, when an emergency called him back to teach Theology for two years. Massachusetts claimed him for six years; three in Worcester as Professor of Philosophy and Prefect of Studies, and in Boston College as Rector for three more. From 1894 till his death he was occupied in the District of Columbia; one year, 1898–9, as Prefect of Studies in Gonzaga, and the remaining twenty-five at Georgetown, as Professor of Philosophy or History. There he celebrated both his Golden and his Diamond Jubilee. He died at Georgetown, January 26, 1920.

Father Salvator M. Brandi entered the Society in 1870, and after the conclusion of his Novitiate was sent to study Philosophy. Without the usual period of teaching, he came in the Summer of 1875 to begin his Theology at Woodstock. His unusual talent won him success from the start. He was a heavy man even in his younger days, unused to games and averse to exercise. He found a very congenial task in verifying, in conjunction with Father Russo, all quotations in Father Mazzella's four volumes of Theology, and in compiling the very valuable index that accompanies each Treatise. The work was an aid to him afterwards in teaching Theology. From the very beginning he was a leader in his class, and as modest as he was thorough. However, his love of orthodoxy made him a fighter on occasions when a false view, even involuntarily, found expression. He showed a remarkable horror of anything that swerved in the least from the teaching of the Church. Even a slip, however inadvertent or excusable, met with a correction, but without dictation

or arrogance. This was his inheritance from his great teacher, Father Mazzella. The principle of a contemporary Professor, Father Brambring, that "error has no right to exist," guided Father Brandi in his teaching, preaching and writing, and guarded him from slipshod or faulty utterance. Though he spoke English well, he was careful to have his sermons revised by a native or one with the authority of a native.

As soon as he finished his Theology, he was assigned to teach the Short Course, with Hebrew thrown in. One can readily imagine his vocal gymnastics in efforts to pronounce the Semitic gutturals Cheth and Ayin. He did his best for two years, when he was relieved of the task by Father Chassot, whose Swiss organs were more adapted to rugged sounds than those of a Neapolitan. He taught Philosophy four years, and was promoted to Long Course in 1888, to fill the place of Father De Augustinis in his absence on the Commission of Studies. In September, 1887, he went to Frederick for his Third Probation under Father Cardella. Here he found himself side-by-side with many of his former pupils, and proved himself an agreeable and useful companion. He got down from the Professor's chair, and never assumed the teacher's part unless requested to do so in a discussion that called for lore beyond the ordinary reach. At the end of the year he was recalled to Woodstock, and continued to teach the Long Course until he was summoned to Rome to edit *Civilta Cattolica*. His departure from the country was a heavy cross to him, as he learned to know and to like the people. He was aware that he was liked, and was doing much good in consequence; and he felt that with an absence of several years from Italy and without practice in writing Italian, his position as head of a learned periodical would be difficult and doubtful. Of course, he went willingly, though regretfully, but soon found a wider sphere for the exercise of his superior talents. His value did not long lie hidden, and even the Pope learned to appreciate his worth.

As a lecturer he had a remarkable gift of clearness, and followed faithfully the path marked out by Father Mazzella. He never studied except in perfect trim, but

then he did more in one hour than he could have accomplished in five under adverse circumstances. This unwillingness to apply himself to a serious study, except when fit, gave the impression to some Scholastics that he was lazy. The reputation, when revealed to him, was strongly resented and very justly, for he was never idle. His sincerity, kindliness, simplicity and directness made a strong impression, and led to many conversions in his little parish of Harrisonville and in Woodstock too. His departure from Woodstock was a calamity in their eyes.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons esteemed him very highly for his learning and for his zeal in bringing converts to the Church, and when writing his "Ambassador of Christ", he often consulted Father Brandi.

A paralytic stroke put an end to his usefulness and made him as helpless as a child. When sufficiently restored from the first shock, he was removed to Naples, where he died September 5, 1915. He was a loyal defender of the truth, of the Society and of the Church.

Father John A. Conway was an excellent product of Woodstock's teaching and formation. He was born in Glasgow on April 1, 1853, entered the academic classes of St. Aloysius College, lately established by Ours, and soon gave proofs of exceptional ability. In company with his townsman, John A. Buckley,he crossed the Atlantic to enter the Society. He was received in the Novitiate at Frederick, September 16, 1867. He was a close observer of all the novelties about him in the Novitiate, in the country and in the countrymen. He was thoughtful as well as observant, and his judgement was that of a grown man rather than one on the downy side of fifteen.

In those days, when studies were in a more or less chaotic state owing to the war, the standard of admission was lower than at present, and the course of Humanities and Rhetoric did not go far beyond Grammar; for the least able of the nine or ten Juniors set the pace. It was not possible then in Frederick to become a Rhetorician. Yet what he could not get in the Juniorate, Fr. Conway acquired later on by his own industry and native talent. At the age of eighteen, he began his Philosophy, a boy

among men who were already showing gray hairs, and proved himself a thinker equal to the best. Dry as Logic was, Mr. Conway, with his grim Scotch humor, managed to extract some fun out of it for himself, and incidentally for the class. Once, on a circle, he found himself as defender pitted against his friend, Mr. "Clem" Lancaster, who by some undiscovered process, took as the major of one of his objections "*Deus existit.*" Knowing the limitations of his opponent, Mr. Conway seriously repeated the syllogism and softly answerd: "Nego Majorem." The horror of the objector was twofold; at the avowed infidelity of the youngster defending, and at his own unforeseen duty to vindicate the desecrated major. After winnowing out the infidelity and the irrelevancy, the little Professor was able to restore order. Mature as he always was for his years, his older classmates could witness his growth in wisdom and in age from 1871 to 1874. He spent four years of his regency in Georgetown, closely studying and copying the directions laid down by Father Healy, Rector and Prefect of Studies. He studied the small boy, too, as an older brother, much to the advantage of both. He was a keen judge of character, and in his early days expressed himself freely, but in an entirely impersonal way, about his acquaintances and charges. But in his last years, through fear of wounding charity, he avoided speaking of persons. His fifth year of teaching was spent at Holy Cross among older students in a higher class. He had done much to foster serious study and reading in Georgetown, but he was more appreciated by the studious and ambitious sons of New England. In the first year of Philosophy he was convinced that, like Father Mazzella, he could never learn Algebra or Mathematics; but Father Healy, who had quietly studied his man, believed in his abilites, gave him a low class of Algebra to begin with, and awaited results. Mr. Conway bravely set to work, mastered the matter and taught it well. It tried his powers as they were never tried before or after, and in the end he was gratified to know that obedience made him do what he seriously considered impossible.

When he returned to Woodstock for his Theology, he

was a grave, well-read man, given to thinking deep thoughts, and determined to get out of his course all that one of his superior talents could extract. His ambition was not thwarted; perhaps he succeeded better than he had ambitioned. Ordained in 1882, the Priesthood set a new seal not only on his soul but also on his character. He had now a commission to utilize all his knowledge for the salvation of souls. This did not, however, put an end to his humor or appreciation of wit. He was still genial, fond of company, especially with brains, company that could teach him something about places, men or books which lay outside his experience. He was never a talkative man; now he became still more of a listener. He was ever fond of storing his mind with knowledge for future use. His matured powers were first tested in teaching a large class of more than average talent for three years, and his success reached the expectations entertained of him. In 1886 he was sent to Rome for a biennium, but he spent only one year there, the second being passed in Innsbruck. Travel helped to broaden his mind no less than study, and when he returned after his Tertianship, spent at Lainz, he was fully equipped for his life's work. He had seen many men of many lands, many things to admire, yet he judged that Woodstock in essentials had nothing to yield to places of greater reputation.

For two years, 1889–91, he taught Evening Dogma, and the two following years he took the class of Morning Dogma, being Consultor for four years and Prefect of Studies for the last three. The catalogue of 1893–4 has his name among the Fathers with the ominous *Cur. Val.* From the time of his first vows he took no exercise, not even a walk if he could escape it. He was a hard worker, too hard as a Professor of Theology, and the result was a break-down. He recovered enough to do valuable work as Professor of Philosophy in Georgetown for many years. Active work in the ministry for one year, and as Minister for three in Washington, sent the blood coursing through his veins, and gave him a new lease of life, though he could never resume his place in Woodstock. Two big men looked up to him in Washington: the Apos-

tolic Delegate Bonzano and Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court. The former said his funeral Mass, the other occupied the front pew in Dahlgren Chapel on that occasion. Both set the highest store by Father Conway's learning and sound judgment. For an appreciation of him as a preacher and an educator, see *The Letters*, Vol. XLV., p. 242. Both activities lie outside the scope of the present paper, unless one were to claim that the Church is a large classroom, and the pulpit a Professor's chair in which all the Doctor's clearness, but not all his depth, is in demand. Father Conway was always clear and deep in proportion to the intellectual build of the swimmers. He would not take his audience beyond its depth.

Father William P. Brett was associated with Father Conway in his studies and teaching, and ought not to be separated in the little sketch of their lives and labors for Woodstock. He was born in 1852, entered Boston College in its days of early struggle, and lived long enough to witness and contribute to its triumph, and to lay down his life in its service. He was one of the students who attracted the notice of Father Fulton, and profited by his efforts to promote solid scholarship and high ideals in life. After successful completion of the class of Poetry in 1871, he entered the Society in Frederick, made one year of Juniorate and was sent to Woodstock in 1874. He was a hard worker in studies, and in outings he was constant and ever ready to pick up something in natural history or in anything else. He never went anywhere without some adventure. He noticed everything, learned something wherever he went, and often saw things which escaped the notice of his companions. When he left home he thought that potatoes grew like tomatoes, he could tell a goose from a duck on the table, but not on the hoof or in feathers. There was little in country life he did not know when he left Woodstock in 1877. He always stood well in class, but was more inclined to use his memory, which was good, than his reasoning which proved better still. Five years' teaching at Holy Cross gave him a large insight into human nature, though it never taught him to put himself in the other's place. He began Theology in 1882, prepared to use reasoning as much as possible,

and memory where it served a good purpose. In a large class he always held a prominent position, and did his share in the public disputations. He finished *cum laude* as far as class-mates could judge.

The generation of Woodstock's founders was passing away, only one being left on the status, and he, Father de Augustinis, was summoned to Rome and never came back. It seemed desirable to secure a successor from home talent. It was no difficult task to persuade Father Fulton to send his quondam boy, now a Priest and grave Theologian, to make a biennium in Europe in preparation for a Professor's chair in his Alma Mater, and to assign as companion a still more promising subject, Father Conway, who had just finished teaching the three years' course in Philosophy. Father Brett worked hard for two years, "shoveling fog", as he expressed it. But he got rid of the fog, and saw his way clearly, especially after teaching the course of Philosophy on his return. He spent five years in teaching Theology, and his pupils bear witness that the fog had disappeared as far as it could be removed.

The sedentary life in Woodstock began to attack his naturally nervous constitution, and he was in consequence given a more active post, Minister in Georgetown, Minister and Prefect of Studies in Philadelphia for two years, Professor of Philosophy and Rector of Loyola for two years more. He was then promoted to the Rectorship of Woodstock from 1901 to the opening of 1907. From here he was transferred to Boston to end where he began. He died February 15, 1914.

He was a pleasant companion, genial, unassuming, observant of religious discipline, and seemed a most promising subject for authority. However, his native thrift led him to curtail as far as he could. He saw clearly himself, but could not see any other point of view than his own, allowed no initiative, and had frequent faults to find unless his views were carried out just as he conceived them, even where there seemed to be room for private judgment. (*See Woodstock Letters*, Vol. 43, p. 379).

CHAPTER XVI

OTHER IMPORTATIONS

Prophetam in gentibus dedi te.

Of the original teaching staff, all but two, Fathers Sestini and de Augustinis, had disappeared by 1882, and they also were soon to vanish. As persecution ceased in Italy and fields of activity were multiplying in the Neapolitan Province, that source could no longer be called upon to fill up the vacancies caused by death, promotion or disability. Besides, our climate, owing to the death of one and the enforced retirement of three other valuable men, began to receive a bad name. Naples declining in numbers could no longer fill vacancies, and Woodstock was yet too young and too modest to employ native talent; and in any case, the imported article is more highly valued than the domestic. Hence Superiors were forced under the circumstances to look elsewhere for professional timber. They first applied to Germany, which, owing to the Kulturkampf, was overrunning with able men and restricted in activity. Three men came in response to the cry of distress, of whom Father Chassot was the first.

Father Peter Chassot was born in the Canton of Fribourg in Switzerland on the 28th day of November, 1851. He made his classical studies at St. Michael's in Gorheim. He was sent to serve in the hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war, and had to endure countless hardships, not the least of which was the impossibility of keeping clean. Irregular, insufficient, unfit food, with exposure and drafts, undermined his health, and planted in him the seeds of the disease that carried him off. In 1871 he began his course of Philosophy at Maria Laach, and was sent thereafter to study German Literature. By this time he spoke German like a native, and after two years he was qualified to teach at Feldkirch. As his weakened constitution could not bear the too bracing atmosphere of that mountain region, it was thought advisable to remove him

to Belgium. In 1877 he began the Short Course of Theology, and to occupy the spare time left him by the easy studies of the Compendium, he took up Hebrew. He made such progress in a short time that he was urged by some of Ours who had been in Syria, to try Arabic also. He was tempted to dabble in Sanscrit induced by those who had sojourned for a time in Calcutta; but he wisely concluded to confine himself to the Semitic tongues. As a one-eyed inmate in a blind asylum is considered a marvel of foresight and eyesight, we who had managed to master the Hebrew alphabet deemed Father Chassot, when he came to Woodstock in 1882, a marvel of Semitic lore. Not only on us did his knowledge produce a strong impression, but on others better qualified to judge. He went to Worcester to study Assyrian at a Summer School established for the study of that and cognate languages in 1884. He produced such an impression that he was begged by the officials to conduct a class of Syriac the next year. He refused to entertain the proposition. The raw, moist climate was more than he could endure. But what he could not do in Worcester, he accomplished in Woodstock. In his quiet way he coaxed a few who were not frightened by the Hebrew verb, to extend their knowledge to actual translation by the use of the dictionary, and to derive some lasting profit from the time that must be given to class. He went further, and induced a half-dozen enthusiasts to attack first the Syriac alphabet, next the verb with its multitudinous forms, and finally the Gospel of Saint Matthew in Syriac. As no one so far had got brain fever from the seven moods or conjugations, or what ever St. Ephrem would call them; and as no one as yet had contracted laryngitis from the gutturals, Father Chassot tried Arabic, but too late for results; and he even induced a pioneer in the Province to take up Ethiopic. If the pioneer had persevered, he would certainly with his wonderful industry have made a name for himself in that little-known branch of learning.

If God had spared Father Chassot amongst us as long as some of the other Professors, as Father Sabetti for example, he would have made Woodstock a nursery of Semitic scholars. He did not harangue, or eulogize his matter; he taught, and men found that they could learn,

and that Hebrew was invaluable as a key to the Scriptures and a better understanding of God's word. But Father Chassot was doomed; his health and life had been sacrificed for a government which requited his labors by expelling him and his Brothers from the empire. He made the sacrifice willingly, and never directly or indirectly complained of the ingratitude of which he was the victim. His undermined health was unable to endure the climate of Woodstock, and in August, 1885, by the advice of his physicians he was removed to the dry climate of New Mexico. It was too late, however. New Mexico could not renew the lungs of one as far debilitated as Father Chassot. He died in Santa Fe, July 31, 1886. He was a tall, florid, high-shouldered, hollow-chested man, an able linguist, at home in all the principal languages of Europe, as well as a teacher in four Semitic tongues. He was quiet and reserved, but he thoroughly enjoyed the recreations of the Scholastics, and tried, as long as he could make the effort, to do his share of the work that fell to excursionists. When we had begun to appreciate his worth, he was taken away. (See *Letters*, Vol. XV, p. 325.)

Two members joined the professorial staff in 1883, Fathers Becker and Brambring, to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of Fathers Devitt and Pantanella. We had scarcely learned to know and to value Father Becker when he was rudely claimed by death and laid to rest in our Cemetery. Father Becker was a native of Holland, born in Maestricht on March 7, 1838. He was educated partly in his native town and partly in our College of Sittard. He entered the Society on October 10, 1854. In 1867 he was ordained in Brussels. Little was known about him when he came to us in 1883, and as he spoke but little, and that not about himself, few are the items that have come down to us of his student career. He was assigned to the class of Ethics, in which, as in kindred branches, he showed himself a master. He had read extensively, in Political Economy and International Law, matters which made his class very interesting. Though reticent by nature, he was easily approached, and was ever ready to set his wide range of knowledge at the ser-

vice of his pupils. He was low in stature, ample in girth, florid in features and slow of speech. He was above any regard for personal appearance, even if any pains could make him an imposing personage. His keen, well-stocked mind made up abundantly for any lack of physical perfections. He was clear and thorough in his lectures, and never travelled in a rut.

At the beginning of his second year he was afflicted with an angry carbuncle, which made him helpless for a time. Treatment seemed to give relief, but only a temporary one. There is reason to suspect that blood poisoning set in and brought him to an untimely end. His bodily vigor presaged twenty years more of usefulness, but it was no match for Pyaemia, or whatever insidious affliction took him away November 15, 1884.

The vacancy left in the faculty of Theology by the removal of Father Pantanella and his *ad interim* successor, Father Schiffini, was filled by Father Brambring. With Father Becker he came to us in 1883, and with Father Becker he was soon laid in his grave. It would appear from the breakdown and death of the last three Professors that Woodstock was an unhealthy place. It was not so then and is not so now; but it is not a sanatarium where miracles of restoration are effected. It could not cure Father Chassot, for he was pronounced and was incurable as a consumptive; it could not cure pyaemia in Father Becker's case, as no other place could, Paradise probably excepted; it could not cure Father Brambring, any more than Paradise, if we had been able to locate it.

Father Frederick Brambring was born in Bribon, Westphalia, April 6, 1837. He began his studies in his native place and finished with two years in Muenster. There in 1856 he entered the Novitiate of the German Province, and there he finished it despite a severe attack of lung trouble, which seriously threatened his life. He then returned to the Novitiate to teach the Juniors for three years. His course of Theology was made at the new house of Maria Laach under a galaxy of famous Professors, Wilmers, Cornely, Anderledy and Roh. He was ordained in 1869, and the following year he was sent to Feldkirch to teach for two terms. Then came his

Third Year at Tronchiennes in Belgium, two years of teaching in Buffalo, one more year in Feldkirch teaching History. From 1877 to 1882 he was engaged at Laval and in Mold, Wales, after the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. He was called back to his own Province in Blyenbeck, Holland, for one year. Father Brambring was a man of superior talent to begin with, a diligent student, and a constant reader of the best works. When the call to Woodstock reached him, he was thoroughly equipped for his post, and entered with zest on his new duties in his new home, the last of his many homes in many countries. He had picked up English in Buffalo and in Mold, so as to speak it with ease and correctness.

Before the coming of Father Mazzella to Georgetown, the practical side of Theology was stressed more than speculative questions. Discussions of the latter found little favor among educated Catholics and were, of course, avoided by Protestants, while controverted subjects were naturally more thoroughly studied. Men had to be equipped to meet the objections and errors rampant in the country. But since the establishment of one great Scholasticate for the United States was contemplated, Father Mazzella judged that it should embrace all Scholasticism as far as it could be compressed into three years of Philosophy and four of Theology; and it was his aim and that of Father de Augustinis to build up a consistent body of doctrine both Thomistic and Jesuit, yet having, as far as possible, its own distinctive features. They would inaugurate the *Woodstockienses*, a far-off imitation, and on a more modest scale, of the *Salmanticenses* or *Wirceburgenses*. Naturally they were guided by and quoted the authors of their choice, with only occasional mention of others. This was apt to result in a narrowed acquantance with great writers, not only of the Church at large, but of the Society too. When men had as much as they could do to keep up their relations with old friends, they were not eager to make new acquaintances.

Father Brambring, studying under different circumstances, had his own idols amongst the Jesuit Theologians, and did them the honor of more frequent quotation than had been usual. The result was a broadening

of the Theological horizon, and a wide acquaintance with the great masters of Divinity. This effect was heightened a few years later when Father Finlay came with erudition acquired in a different clime under different masters. Fathers Conway and Brett may have added a flavor, extracted in Rome and Innsbruck, to the theological feast served up to the students of Woodstock. It remained for the present generation to establish on a wider foundation the edifice projected by Fathers Mazzella and De Augustinis.

Father Brambring was a man of wide erudition, not only in Theology and Philosophy, but in Literature and History also. To adversaries he was fair, and deprecated sneers at absurdities which followed from their principles. He could put himself in their place and make out for them a case by explanations of their argument, which often proved embarrassing to the class. Logic and sound principle, not sneers, were his mode of refutation. Of course, he had no sympathy with pure absurdities, and when such were met, he passed on with a shrug of the shoulders. On them he would waste no words. He liked to see his men think, and he loved to provoke thought by putting difficulties to be solved at leisure out of class. In his expositions and proofs he was very clear, though his written word could claim no such praise. His written sentences were rugged, knotty, involved. It was hard to realize that the writer of his sheets and the expounder of their doctrine were one and the same man. In his intercourse with his pupils he was deferential, kind and cordial. He was fond of encouraging, his words and his ever-ready smile were a cure for diffidence. He judged a man by his powers, not by his limitations, and his mission was to develop the powers as far as diffidence would allow him. He did much good at Woodstock. His method helped to bring into prominence men who otherwise might have remained in obscurity.

Before he could finish his third year of teaching here, he began to show symptoms of Bright's disease, the malady which put an untimely end to his usefulness. He left for a time to recuperate, spent some days in a hospital in Washington, and feeling better, as often happens

with that disease, he was eager to return home to resume his work. But his hopes were vain; there was no cure, and as soon as Father Brambring realized that the end was inevitable, he piously resigned himself and prepared for death. When he was prepared, the end could not come too soon, and was awaited with lively sentiments of faith and piety. He passed off quietly on October 20, 1886. (See *Letters*, Vol. XV, p. 331.)

In the Summer of 1883 the German Province made us a little, yet a precious loan in the person of Father Udalric Heinzle. Born October 15, 1848, in the village of Goetzis, Voralberg, he was educated at Feldkirch. On the completion of his course there, he was admitted to the Society in 1867, and made his Novitiate at Gorheim under the celebrated Father Meschler. At the end of his course of Philosophy he was sent to teach our Scholastics Science at Blyenbeck in Holland. From there he went to England for his Theology at Ditton Hall. To escape any claim upon him by the military powers, he was ordained in his second year. With his short stature of only five feet three inches, he would have made a poor grenadier, though he made a very good Priest, with a heart and a charity out of proportion to his size. At the end of his Theology he made his Tertianship under Father Oswald at Portico, England. In 1881 he taught in his Alma Mater in Feldkirch, and after two years he came to America to teach for two years more at Holy Cross, Worcester. In 1885 he was captured for Woodstock to teach Philosophy for three years. His Province reclaimed him, in 1888, for the post of Rector at Canisius, Buffalo. When his term was completed in 1891, he took the class of Philosophy there, and continued teaching up to 1898. For three years he was Professor of Philosophy in our Scholasticate of Prairie du Chien, and was made Rector from 1901 to 1904. During the next three years he was Instructor of the Tertians at Brooklyn, Ohio. In 1904 he left for Germany, where he filled the post of Spiritual Father for many years but in different houses. He died in Austria February 23, 1925.

Father Heinzle was a close applicant to study, clear

in his lectures, and ever ready to help any who required his assistance. His kindly, genial nature and his practical charity attracted his pupils. If ever there was anything required for the common good, that Father Heinzle claimed as his own to supply. Before another could move, he was down from his chair and in pursuit of a book or paper or map or anything of a less intellectual order. He did much and spoke little, but that little was always to the point. When he was taken away from Woodstock, we missed his ever ready smile and his fresh charity. It is regrettable that only very meagre data can be found for the career of such a popular Professor.

Father René Holaind was born in Moulins, France, on the 27th of July, 1836. The family was a distinguished one with claims of high nobility in the past. When sufficiently prepared, young René entered our college in his native city and passed to the Novitiate of Avignon on October 2nd, 1851. He made one year of Rhetoric at Lons-le-Sonier. He is credited in the Catalogue of Lyons with two years of Philosophy at Mongre and, after another year of teaching at Avignon, with two more years of Philosophy at Vals. After a third year of teaching, this time at Dole, he commenced his Theology at Boston in 1861. His own Province credits him with three years at Boston, an evident mistake, as Boston was closed at the end of his second year in 1866. He made his fourth year privately at Spring Hill, and may have made his third year there also. He certainly is not marked as a resident of Maryland, though the Lyons Catalogue locates him in Boston. After finishing his Theology, he was Prefect of Discipline at Spring Hill for one year, and was transferred to New Orleans to teach Grammar for two years. In 1868–69 he made his Tertianship in France. He is back immediately at Spring Hill for a stay of eight years, teaching Rhetoric and Philosophy as necessity demanded. Next he is engaged in Grand Coteau and New Orleans, teaching Rhetoric one year in each place. From 1880 to 1885 he was employed in parochial and in mission work at Selma, Alabama.

He came to teach Ethics in Woodstock in 1885, and continued his lectures until the war with Spain was con-

cluded. The returned troops were very much in need of aid, both medical and spiritual, and to supply the latter, Father Holaind volunteered. His services were accepted, and were acceptable to men and officers. When his duties as Chaplain were ended, he was sent to Georgetown to teach, and on Sundays to minister to the troops at Fort Meyer across the Potomac. He taught Ethics in the College and Jurisprudence in the Law School, a charge which he undertook during the last four years spent at Woodstock, and he also taught postgraduate French. It was a strenuous life, with work enough for four good men, yet he never seemed to tire until the final breakdown. As if Ethics, Jurisprudence (a text book for which he wrote) and French were not enough, he held the post of Spiritual Father in the year 1904-05. But no man at his age could continue such a pace. Suddenly both body and mind began to give away, and he was sent to Woodstock to care for his health, where he had spent thirteen pleasant and useful years. His memory began to fail, and his whole system got disorganized. The end came on April 20, 1906, at the age of seventy. A short time before his collapse one would readily promise him ten years more. But strenuous work and irregularity had undermined a very hardy constitution. When anything urgent claimed his attention, such as the controversy on the School question, sleep, food, rest, and recreation counted for nothing until his task was finished.

Born in Sunny France, he kept to the end the characteristics of his native place. He was lively in temperament, witty, quick-witted and a master in the most diverse forms of knowledge, a good Theologian, an acute Philospher, an accomplished Musician in the scientific sense, a widely read Historian, an authority in Architecture and in almost any branch that comes under discussion in our recreation. Withal he was as unassuming as if he were but a novice in these various fields. He was a master in French literature, early and late, and when young was known mainly for his brilliant French verses. He showed more than ordinary familiarity with the best works of the Greeks and Romans, as well as with the English classics. Owing to rapid utterance, his

pronunciation of English was imperfect, though he could be understood easily enough after a short acquaintance.

Father Holaind was short and rotund; a well-shaped head seemed to rest on his shoulders without the intervention of a neck. In serious matters he was extremely grave, but in lighter moods, and they were many, his explosive cackle of a laugh was easily distinguished above others. He worked so hard that he needed the relaxation of a laugh, and his fertile French imagination supplied the elements of a good one both for himself and for others. One thing was always certain, that his neighbor was never the object of his witticisms. Things, not persons were the fount from which he drew his amusement. When a trick was played on him, as often happened, he was the heartiest in his appreciation of the fun. His fund of information in almost any line that could attract a Jesuit student, his readiness to assist every one in an emergency, and his unalterable good nature made him a universal favorite, especially as he was an exception to the rule that "depression follows hard upon exaltation."

The last Professor to aid Woodstock from across the seas in the time of our need was Father Peter Finlay of the Irish Province. He had entered the Society in Dublin at the age of fifteen, and after his Novitiate travelled extensively for his studies, like most members of the Irish Province. He might be said to have begun his long, useful and distinguished career amongst us. When God calls him to his reward, *The Letters* will give an appreciation of his labors here and elsewhere. Until that far-off day it will suffice to state a few facts about his stay here and fruitful labors in Ireland. He taught the class of Evening Dogma for two years, 1887 to 1889, and like his predecessor, Father Brambring, introduced new favorites into his classrooms. He had a keen mind and served to whet the wits of his hearers by his difficulties as well as by his lectures. Besides the work of his class, he was not unwilling to preach near or far, as the occasion might demand, and made for himself many friends as well among Ours as among externs. After leaving Woodstock he taught Morning Dogma in the new Scholasticate at Miltown Park, with which, as Professor and as Rector, he has been connected ever since.

CHAPTER XVII

HOME RULERS

Fratres illi fuerunt, filii matris meae.

With one exception, all the Rectors of Woodstock from the year 1890 to the present time have been trained at home. That exception was the venerable patriarch, Father Villiger, sent to spend here the last years of his very active and useful life, and to renew the international spirit that animated the House of Studies from its founding. His big, bold, independent ideas, combined with heartfelt loyalty to the Society, to the Church and to God, were inspired and fostered by the sight of his native Alps, and were a valuable asset to Woodstock in its time of transition. It had been founded as a Scholasticate for the United States and Canada, with welcome additions from Europe, South America and Mexico, and was becoming inadequate for the United States alone, so that offshoots were springing up not only in St. Louis but in Canada, New Orleans, the Rocky Mountains and California.

There was danger that it might degenerate into a local Seminary without an outlook on the world at large such as it had at the date of its inception. That sad fate was averted by the personal traditions of the first two of its sons raised to the Rectorship, and particularly by the broad sympathy of Father Villiger.

The first of Woodstock's students raised to the post of Rector of his Alma Mater was Father Edward V. Boursaud. He was born in New York City, in 1840, of a French father and a Franco-Helvetian mother. Mr. Boursaud the elder came from Bordeaux. If he ever had any of the Gascon spirit, he certainly never transmitted it to his first-born child. For ten years the senior Boursaud conducted a private academy in Baltimore, and almost twice as long in Brooklyn. Our future Rector received his early education in his Father's school, and besides French and English, which he spoke equally well, he picked up

a knowledge, if not a mastery of Spanish, Italian and German. After finishing in his Father's school, he engaged in business for a few years in New York, and acquired that bold business hand which it was a pleasure for the printer to read. To finish his education, he entered Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and left it a graduate in 1863 on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg. A retreat made under one of our Fathers introduced him to the Society, which he entered on August 14, after his graduation. Three weeks after his admission he received Father O'Callaghan for his Rector and Master of Novices, who appreciated and utilized his talents in the translation of Darras' History of the Catholic Church, a task recommended by Archbishop Spalding.

At the conclusion of his Novitiate he taught the Juniors for two years, and was then sent to Georgetown to teach the class of Poetry for four years more. He was an indefatigable worker, a man of excellent taste and wide reading. His influence as a religious teacher and scholar was wholesome and extensive. He was as modest as he was learned, very much given to self-depreciation, so that wags, like Mr. Whiteford, who knew him well, were accustomed to tax him with hypocrisy before his face, an accusation that amused him very much and elicited many a hearty laugh. It must be said that no such accusation was ever made behind his back. He was well equipped, had read extensively in five literatures, was a fluent writer in two languages, and a ready speaker in three others; yet he was not a brilliant man, and knew it. Hence he could disparage himself and laugh at the accusation of hypocrisy.

In 1871 he began his Philosophy with a very talented class, though few in number. There were Messrs. O'Callahan, Flatley and Conway of the first rank, with William Poland, Calmer, O'Kane, Rigge and Caisse pressing at their heels. For seven years he plodded faithfully, dispensing smiles and encouragement, especially among the younger members of the Community and eager to perform any act of charity that presented itself. For any disabled member he would copy out the notes of lectures

or dictations in any class of Philosophy or Theology, and accounted it a trifle yet a privilege. He was not an athlete or fond of any kind of exercise, and so he could find time to do many extra works which would be impossible to one of less sedentary habits. With his *Examen Ad Gradum* passed in 1878, he was already a *Pater gravis* in more respects than one.

His talent for teaching Poetry and Rhetoric was utilized in Boston for two years, and for one in Frederick to the Juniors after the completion of his course in Woodstock. Then he was summoned to Fiesole to act as Substitute Secretary for the English Assistancy. While filling this post for the first year, he made his Third Probation, and at the end of the term was admitted to the Profession by Father General Beckx. He remained in Fiesole for three years, and on account of his linguistic attainments he was a valuable member of the Curia. He returned to America with the appointment of Rector in Boston College. He was a literary man by instinct and training, and seemed alien to the practical work of a parish; yet, besides superintending the work of the College, he had time and energy enough to transform the basement of the Immaculate Church into a most serviceable Lower Church, with handsome marble altars, pavements, stained-glass windows and rich vestments.

When his term of three years was finished, he was recalled from Boston to Fiesole for a like period, and returned to America to be named Rector of Woodstock in October, 1890. For three years he filled the post with credit to himself and satisfaction to his subjects and Superiors. He was a complete contrast to his predecessor, though both shared the same Gallic blood and traditions. Father Racicot, a scion of the north of France through Canada, was quick, nervous, impetuous, inclined to suspicion—from long contact with boys—until he understood his man; Father Boursaud from the south, through New York, was slow, suave, gentle, trustful until he found cause for distrust, which was unusual. His traits were more Teutonic than Gallic, possibly through Swiss blood in his mother. He trusted and respected everyone, and was trusted and respected in turn by all who knew him. He wrote well, preached plainly and sensibly,

and his advice was always dictated by common sense, a spirit of faith and loyalty to Religion. Intercourse with him was not overpowering but stimulating; one might hope to equal him by constant effort; one could easily surpass him, so he was ready to maintain, by ordinary application and the possession of ordinary talent. Few have tried the experiment, and fewer have succeeded if they ever tried.

With the completion of his term as Rector of Woodstock, the period of his usefulness was practically closed. He occupied minor posts, such as writing for the *Messenger* in Philadelphia and New York, or the less exacting duties of Spiritual Father. He was appointed Instructor of the Third Probation, but was unable to discharge the duty for more than one year. His long years of sedentary life had impaired his health through an affection of the kidneys, and after considerable suffering in his last days, and some aberration of mind, he passed to his reward in Frederick, Md., in March, 1902, at the comparatively early age of sixty-two.

Of the pioneers of Woodstock, Father Jerge was the only one selected to preside over its destinies. He was born in New York State, March 7, 1851, received his classical training at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and yb an easy transition found himself a Jesuit Novice at Sault-au-Recollet on July 14, 1864, under the experienced guidance of Father Sachè. Being serious by nature and mature for a Novice, he laid deep and solid the foundation of his spiritual life, and continued to his last day to enlarge and adorn his "Interior Castle". He was a man of God and labored for God alone in the various offices he filled.

After four years of Noviceship and Junioriate he was assigned to the study of Philosophy in Fordham, and on the opening of Woodstock in 1869, he joined the second year. Finishing Philosophy in 1871, he taught for four years; three at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and one in Buffalo. In 1875 he returned to Woodstock for Theology, and passed *Ad Gradum* in 1879. His virtues and attainments seemed to mark him out for government, and so he was given every opportunity to fit himself for important posts. He was Minister and Sub-Minister for

two years at St. Francis Xavier's, Minister in Jersey for three years, Minister at Frederick for one year, Superior at St. Joseph's for another, Socius to the Provincial for two, and finally Rector at Woodstock from November 29, 1893, to August 3, 1897, as well as Consultor of the Province.

With all his good qualities, his acknowledged virtues and good will, he cannot be put down as a successful Superior. He took men in the abstract, and tried to rule as if men lived in the abstract. He was not blessed with an imagination. He had iron nerves himself and could work indefatigably, and so he could not understand why others would not work in the same unrelenting fashion. To him there seemed no difficulty in sitting down to a diligent study of the *Ratio Studiorum* after teachers reached their rooms at the end of five hours' class. He could do so, and what he, the last and least, could do, everybody else ought to be able to accomplish. With his lack of imagination and slow mental processes, he could see but one meaning to his words—his meaning—though his listeners could discern many others.

But the greatest obstacle to his success, perhaps, lay in a vein af scrupulosity that manifested itself from his early days. Nothing too much could be done for God, and what one could do, that he ought to strive to effect. Without doubt he would consider himself obliged to adopt this maxim, and probably did strive to carry it out in his whole life, for he was a man entirely supernatural; but it would be hopeless to expect that standard to be adopted by every man every day in the year. What he expected of himself and tried to realize, he deemed obliged as Superior to exact from others. If he failed sometimes, and it may be that he did fail, others and better men should not fail. He aimed at heroic virtue and expected others to do likewise. It was a noble ambition for himself and his Community, but it was not practical for the generality of men, not even for religious. Hence there was disappointment on one side and some dissatisfaction on the other. He did not understand them nor did they him.

As a Confessor among externs Father Jerge was held in

high esteem. His gravity, piety and devotedness attracted those especially who felt called to lead an interior life; and his patience in listening to doubts and difficulties was a boon to those in trouble; while his simple answers to what appeared overwhelming difficulties were as a revelation to the untrained or unreasoning. His best work, perhaps, was done conducting retreats for nuns and their pupils. He was ascetic, mortified, indefatigable, so that the man and the matter were sure to make an impression, at least for the time, and in many cases for life. It was while conducting the Exercises that his life came to a close. He had finished one retreat on the morning of August 8, 1908, at St. John, N. B. and he undertook to begin a second on the same evening. He succeeded in finishing three days when his health broke down, and so badly that he was unable to return to the Bishop's house, where he was quartered during the retreats. Whatever could be done was gladly and tenderly performed. But nothing could avail him. He had reached the limit of his strength, and his indomitable will was powerless to resist the decay of his vital forces. He died in the parlor of St. Vincent's Convent, where quarters were prepared for him when he was found too weak to be transported to the Bishop's house or hospital. He passed away on September 3rd. His body was taken to the Immaculate in Boston, and after the funeral services he was laid away in the cemetery of Holy Cross, Worcester.

It is pleasant to record the Bishop's words to Reverend Father Provincial: "Father Jerge has more than repaid us by the edification of his life and death for any little inconveniences he may have occasioned the Sisters; and, having taught them to aspire to labor for the heights of sanctity in life, he showed them and us all how to meet death as a Saint." He died as he lived, alone with God. (See *The Letters* for 1909, p. 92.)

Father Villiger, the bulky exile from the little land of big mountains, came as Rector on August 3, 1897. With other Superiors and distinquished men he was present for the opening in 1869, but was hurried back to his work in his new parish of New St. Joseph's, or the Holy Family, as it was called for a time, now the Gesu. He knew but little of Woodstock on the day of his arrival,

for he was so absorbed in his own work that he did not concern himself about extraneous matters. But he knew the Society and loved it, and with a passion that is seldom equalled in it. One needed no other introduction than the Jesuit habit to receive from him the large-hearted hospitality and consideration which he loved to display.

Father Villiger was born in the Canton of Argau, Switzerland, May 14, 1819. He made his classical studies under the Benedictines at Muri and the Jesuits at Schwitz. At the age of nineteen he was admited to the Society in the Novitiate at Brieg. He made his Juniorate under Father Kleutgen, and in 1842 he proceeded to Freiburg for his Philosophy. A few years of teaching at Schwitz preceded his Theology. He had finished one year of his course when the Revolution broke out in November, 1847. He and the other members of the Community were forced to fly for their lives from Freiburg After many escapes and wanderings through Switzerland, France, Germany and Belgium, he wound up at Antwerp and took shipping for New York in June, 1848. He arrived at Georgetown July 19, after a sea voyage of seven weeks, with health impaired to such an extent that he was sent in January, 1849, to Conewago to recuperate. His second and third years of Theology wers sadly broken up by exile and sickness, yet he was able to present himself for ordination at the usual time, and received Holy Orders in the Chapel of the Convent in Georgetown. The Sisters were probably desirous of seeing the ordination of a Confessor of the Faith, and Archbishop Eggleston and Superiors were willing to gratify their pious curiosity. In the course of his fourth year he went to Alexandria occasionally, to preach and minister to the small congregation in that place, when Father Finotti, the Pastor, was engaged at some of the outlying Missions.

Iu 1851 he was made Prefect of Studies at the opening of St. Joseph's College, and thirty-eight years later he was its first Rector on its resurrection in its present home. Next year he made his Tertianship under Father Cicaterri in Frederick, and after it he entered on that course of superiorship which lasted almost to his death. He was Minister at Georgetown one year, next Rector St. John's at Frederick, Rector at Gonzaga until his appoint-

ment as Provincial. In 1861 he was Superior of the California Mission and Rector of Santa Clara College. He returned after five years, and tarried a short time in Frederick as *Operarius* and *expectans distinationem*. The destination was superior at Conewago, but only for a short time. He was transferred to St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia for a more difficult work, to organize a new parish in the Northern outskirts of the city, and to build a new Church and make provisions for St. Joseph's College. Why did he choose such a site, ask critics after fifty years? His choice was determined by the specification of ecclesiastical superiors and the rights of property owners. He chose the centre of the parish for the Church and College. What lay to the South was occupied: the land to the north was a goose pond, a goat pasture full of weeds, shrubs and tin cans, and all too far removed from present parishioners. "He could do no other," nor could his critics.

The temporary church was completed by December 8, 1868, and the new church and college were already projected. There was to be no tearing down according to his plans. Every brick and stone laid in mortar was to last, as he would say, until the Friday after the Day of Judgement. His construction of the residence is a good illustration of his method. To save the expense of boarding in the vicinity of the church, he asked and obtained permission to build a house next to the chapel, but a house of two stories. As that did not chime in with his very definite plans, he asked leave to put a mansard roof over the residence. As some kind of a roof would be necessary, the desired permission was cordially granted; but the view of the residence surprised the Provincial not a little when he came for his visitation. Father Villiger explained the economy of finishing his plans piece by piece as necessity demanded. The residence as built would be an agreeable break in the long construction projected for the south front on Stiles street. There would be no expense in tearing down and building up again. Father Provincial could not help seeing the wisdom and economy of Father Villiger's plan.

In the training of his parishioners he was a strong believer in short sermons and frequent catechetical instruc-

tions, in frequent and even daily Communion, and in the use of St. Ignatius' Water. So many extraordinary and unexpected things occurred after its use that many persons believed he had the power of working miracles. Persons from all over the city and neighboring places came to him with their troubles, material and spiritual, and to receive his blessing. Hard work continued for twenty years enabled him to complete the new church and to educate the most devout congregation in the city. His short sermons and instructions always filled the church. He had found that long, elaborate sermons in Frederick kept the church empty, and the lesson once learned was never forgotten. He found, too, that most persons are eager for instruction, and so he took pains to gratify their curiosity while mingling arguments for good works and the exercise of piety.

After twenty-five years of hard work in Philadelphia, he was appointed Instructor of Tertians. He tried to slip off without letting anybody know; not the Archbishop, not even the members of the Community. Missing his train forced him back to the College and revealed the secret. A very flattering letter from the Archbishop made known the sentiments of his ecclesiastical superior and his admiration for the good work done for the Archdiocese. Speaking of him and his departure the Archbishop characterized him in his usual happy vein as "the pious old fox." The Gesu parish proves him pious, his diamond Jubilee in the Society bears witness to his age, while anyone who reads the account of his escape from Switzerland will admit the element of the fox.

Father Villiger was a big man, a hard worker and a hearty eater. In his mind nothing but the best was good enough for a Jesuit, and if the best was costly he supplied the price when he was the Procurator. If another was Procurator, it was his business to provide the means, but generous provisions had to be made in any case. In Woodstock the Procurator of the Province had the onus of feeding and clothing the Community, but the Scholastics must not be stinted; they must have no cause of distraction from their studies, no obstacle to success. While religious poverty was dear to his religious heart, and in everything about him and his room there was al-

ways the strictest poverty, there was no stint, no thrift masquerading under the guise of poverty, no smallness of any kind that might work injury in the present, or future to those who were receiving their training for the service of God. The lid was off. Like Father Miège, his fellow exile, his heart and mind were proportioned by the Alps. One could not think or do anything small with the thought of them before him, and both led the thought up to God, the creator of the Alps.

For a holy man Father Villiger had an uncontrollable horror of death. Suffrages for older members of the Province kept him for two or three days buried in his room. It would be his turn next, he thought, and he was not ready. God mercifully removed such fears when his own end approached. He died full of faith, hope and love. He certainly proved his love by his long and laborious life. He feared cold too, and very much; and pneumonia, which he had experienced, was his peculiar abomination. He slept in July and August with his window closed, and wore a cardigan jacket in the dog days.

He was proclaimed Rector, August 2, 1897, and laid down his burden June 2, 1901. His term will never be forgotten by those whose religious life he guided during their studies, and his example will always be a stimulus to work and work hard for the honor of God. Speaking recently about some of his talks in which the foxy element of his nature found utterance, some one expressed concern lest a wrong expression might have been made. Wherenpon his Minister added that "No word or act of Father Villiger could give scandal, as he was such a holy man." This is heroism before the valet, a supposed impossibility.

He died in Philadelphia November 5, 1902. Seldom even in Philadelphia can one see such a multitude as gathered at his funeral Mass. Many followed the remains to the cemetery, and a good number brought back dust from his grave as a relic to hand down to their grandchildren.

On June 22, 1901 Father Brett succeeded Father Villiger, as has been already noticed among the first graduates chosen to teach in Woodstock. Natural traits and early surroundings were calculated to develop a product

different from his predecessor. The South End of Boston sixty years ago, South Bay and the South Boston Flats were not likely to inspire the youthful imagination like the scenery of Switzerland; and the unremitting struggle of Catholics to raise their heads above the financial surface of life against bigoted and racial opposition was bound to leave its mark, and beget a thrift in the ambitions that was sure, in most cases, to persevere under more favorable circumstances. The lid was on again. As a Novice, Junior, Philosopher, Theologian, Teacher, he was a most agreeable and estimable companion; in authority he was nervous, timid, scrupulous and overthrifty.

On January 8, 1907, Father Anthony Maas succeeded to the Rectorship of Woodstock. He was born in Westphalia, August 23, 1858, entered the Novitiate at West Park April 9, 1877, and came to Woodstock in, 1880. There was not much of him; but what there was counted from the beginning. He imported a head of hair and a smile; the former of which he shed at an early date, but the latter he kept to the end. He worked hard in Woodstock as a Student, Professor, Prefect of Studies and Rector. He spent one year in Spain for his Tertianship and another in New York on the *Messenger*. The years remaining before his term of Provincial he passed in Woodstock. He learned early in his career to use the typewriter and worked it industrially for years, striking off lectures, articles in Reviews, his "Day in the Temple," "Christ in Type and Prophecy" and his "Harmony of the Gospels."

Much against his will, on his return from the Congregation at Rome, he was forced to forego a trip on the "Owl", and to take a morning train and receive a warm welcome from his Community. He died at Poughkeepsie, February 20, 1927.

Father Joseph Hanselman, after laying down the burden of the Provincialship in 1912, was appointed Rector of Woodstock.. He came from Switzerland via Brooklyn, was built on the lines of Father Villiger, but on a reduced scale. He died in Rome, January 16, 1923, while acting as the American Assistant.

CHAPTER XVIII

FURTHER PRODUCTS IN THE CHAIR

Vir peritus multos erudivit.

To the pioneer in every new enterprise the chief honor belongs; he marks out the way. Still credit is due to those who come after and broaden the path and smooth the travelling, so that he who runs may read. Europe furnished the pioneers, and our debt is cordially acknowledged; henceforth America must smooth and level her own pathways. The Province of Missouri, though pressed for men to teach, came to the aid of Woodstock by lending two Professors for a short time. The first of these was Father Joseph Grimmelsman, a member of the class of 1877, who paid back with interest the debt he contracted here under Father Schiffini, Pantanella, and Piccirillo. He was born in Cincinnati of German parents on March 17, 1853. He was a student of St. Francis Xavier's in his native city, entered the Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, 1871, and after one year of Juniorate came to Woodstock in 1874. He was tall, thin and boyish in appearance, but was every inch a man, and possessed of excellent talent. He was a pioneer with Father Miège in the new College of Detroit, and gave a good account of himself. After four years of teaching he was sent to Louvain for his Theology. There he acquitted himself so well that he was chosen to defend all Theology in a Grand Act. For this ordeal he asked and received a fifth year. He was well equipped to teach the second year Philosophy, which was entrusted to him, and gave entire satisfaction to Scholastics and Faculty. At the end of that year he was sent to Frederick for his Third Probation under Father Cardella, and he endeared himself to his twenty-one fellow Tertians. He was still the talented boy of Woodstock, boy in appearance and innocence, but grave in character. His worth was appreciat-

ed, and was given a wide field for its exercise in his terms of Rector and Provincial.

While a delegate at the General Congregation in 1914 he suffered a paralytic stroke, which warned him that the end was near. Though disabled in body, he kept his cheerfulness of spirit and gave much edification to those who came in contact with him. He recovered sufficiently to direct the Third Year at Cleveland from August, 1915, up to the Summer of 1918. Infirmity forced him to retire from active work, and so he was transferred to the Scholasticate at St. Louis, where he died on December 20, 1918, with over forty-seven years of active and important work to his credit. His three trips, once as Procurator and twice to General Congregations, testify to the esteem in which he was held by the elders of his Province. (See *The Letters*, October, 1919.)

Father John Prendergast, a diligent student of the Bible, and partial to the King James Version for its English, was sent for three years to teach Scripture. As long as he taught in English, that is in the first year, 1888–1889, he was inspiring to his class, and showed practically the power of the Sacred Word in the pulpit. He was himself a forceful, a vehement speaker, and very effective in his favorite subjects. His model in life was St. John the Baptist, the nearest approach to our Lord. The precursor's outspoken denunciation of sham, hypocrisy and time-serving, his love of truth, humility and mortification, with unswerving loyalty to Christ, was a guide to Father Prendergast in many of his most powerful sermons, and a model set up for imitation in the pulpit and classroom. He made his knowledge and love of the Baptist concrete in the beautiful Baptistry of St. Ignatius Church in New York, which the liberality of an admirer enabled him to construct.

He was born in Savannah, Georgia, made his Novitiate in Montreal, 1874–76, his Philosophy in Fordham and Woodstock, 1868–1871, his teaching in St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and his Theology and Tertianship in France. He was present in France when the decree of expulsion of Ours was enforced. He made a protest as an American citizen against the outrage, and uttered democratic sentiments such as French officials had rarely

heard; but his protest was in vain, and he had to sever his connection with France. He had to do so in any case, but it was a relief to his mind to excoriate the infidel government before its officials. He was tall in stature, thin, dark in complexion, with black hair and a bushy growth about his neck and chin. Even in Summer he wore a light cloak over his habit both in the house and outside. Any little change in temperature affected him adversely, and the cloak served to keep in the heat as well as to keep it out. To his amusement he was often taken for a Protestant Minister, and was at times consigned to warmer quarters than the streets in July.

Father Thomas Gannon spent one short year teaching in his Alma Mater. Owing to his short stay and his lack of natural interest in the subject assigned to him, he can scarcely be accounted a Maker of Woodstock. His good example, his religious spirit, his devotion to an uncongenial task (if noticed) must have produced their effect in attracting men to solid work in the service of God, which the example of the Professors has always furnished towards the formation of the Scholastics. He taught conscientiously because he was assigned to the task, as he would have done anything else committed to his care. He was judged more fitted for the post of Rector, Socius to the Provincial, Provincial himself, Instructor of the Tertians and finally First Assistant for America, all which charges were entrusted to him, though certainly not by his own choice. He probably would have preferred the care of Deer Island in Boston harbor or of the Work House on Blackwell's Island, New York. Here he would have simple work to do, and abundant time for his contemplations.

Father Gannon was born in Boston, 1853, was educated in Boston College, entered the Novitiate in Frederick, 1872, and commenced Philosophy in 1875 at Woodstock. After five years spent in teaching and prefecting in Worcester, he returned to Woodstock for Theology in 1883, and was ordained in 1886 by Cardinal Gibbons. (*The Letters* Vol. 47, P. 145.)

Denis O'Sullivan, a native of Troy, N. Y., entered the Novitiate at West Park near Poughkeepsie on July, 30

1876, began his Philosophy at Woodstock in 1879, and spent five years as Professor of Mathematics in St. Francis Xavier's, New York City. In 1888 he returned to Woodstock not in the capacity of a student of Theology, but to teach Physics and Mechanics, meantime attending the course of Moral Theology. The example of Messrs. Hedrick and John Brosnan had shown that the combination was easy and worked no hardship. All three were masters in their matter, and while teaching successfully could give ample time to Moral Theology and preparation for ordination. Ordination took place at the end of the second year, and the four years of the Long Course followed in order. The law of the Church allowed that arrangement, and ordination a year earlier than one's time made it desirable. He was exempted from teaching during his third year, and was sent to Canada for his fourth.

In 1894–5 he was in the Tertianship at Frederick, and in the following two years he was engaged on the *Messenger* one year as Director, during Father Wynne's Third Probation. During the succeeding years he resumed the teaching of Physics at Woodstock and continued up to dition to class work, his surplus energy found an outlet in 1909 when he was transferred to Boston. Here, in adpreaching, lecturing, organizing Catholic activities, among the members of the Young Mens' Catholic Association. As work begets work, Father O'Sullivan's multiplied acttivities multiplied until his health was endangered. He was forced to take a few days rest at Worcester, but returned to Boston all too soon. If his rest had been one of months instead of days, his life and activities might have lasted to the present. On the 8th of September, 1907, he was proclaimed Rector in Philadelphia, a wider field still, and began with his usual ardor to throw himself into the work. But he had overdrawn on his vitality and mind and body alike began to give away. He He went to the Hospital in Philadelphia to recover, and when able to travel was sent to Worcester to recuperate. He was too far gone to be restored even by the invigorating air at Holy Cross. He felt no pain, seemed to be improving somewhat in memory, but

the end came unexpectedly. He was found dead in bed on the morning of July 20, 1908.

His mastery and clear exposition of his matter and his indefatigable industry and energy were a valuable lesson for all who came under his influence. He died in the the prime of life at the age of fifty-two. If he had been less greedy for work, he might have accomplished much; but, like Brother Cunningham, he preferred to wear out rather than to rust away.

Father James L. Smith was born in New York September 9, 1850, and entered the Novitiate at West Park July 30. 1876. For several years he had been engaged in business before his entrance, so that he was necessarily backward in his studies. Hence, instead of going to the Juniorate on taking his vows, he was sent to St. Peters's, Jersey City, to teach a class in Rudiments, and to brush up and advance in his classical studies. After four years thus spent he was ready to take his his place with the best in Woodstock in 1882, and by hard work under a masterly Professor, Father Brandi, he was a master of his subject and ripe for Theology in 1885. For four years he devoted himself with equal assiduity to the Sacred Sciences, and with such success that he was singled out for the post of Professor in his Alma Mater.

He taught Metaphysics for one year, and Ethics for two years. In 1892 he went to Frederick for his Tertianship. On his return to Woodstock he took the Short Course for three years, and Morning Dogma and Long Course for two. He had by this time spent fifteen years in Woodstock in the severest kind of study, and the monotony was beginning to oppress his spirit, as he was not disposed to seek exercise by walking abroad or even by taking an occasional holiday away from home. During the war with Spain aud the process of disbanding the troops, he was assigned to supply the place of Father Holaind when absent as Chaplain. The year was a partial rest, as he was obliged to teach when the regular Professor was absent and then only, and the matter, being familiar from former years, did not demand unusual application.

At the opening of schools in 1899 he was removed to Worcester and given the second year of Metaphysics and

Ethics. With much credit to himself and profit to his hearers, he held this position for eleven years. He was a teacher and a driller rather than a lecturer, demanded close attention in class and application to study after class. While kind and sympathetic he was plain-spoken, if ever a reprehension was in order; nor were his reprehensions taken amiss. Every boy who came under Father Smith's influence was persuaded that nothing but the boy's future welfare dictated reproof. He never spared himself any trouble, and was never satisfied with meagre results. The year spent under him gave color to the whole course, and his devotedness and thoroughness left a strong impression on the graduates, and riveted the loyalty to the College which is so striking a feature of the Holy Cross Alumni. Priests in New England are loud in the praises of their Professors of Philosophy at Holy Cross, and Father Smith added his share to the good impression made by his predecessor.

The bracing air of New England was a tonic to one who had spent fifteen years in Maryland, but it could not ward off old age and still less the march of hidden disease. Father Smith's heart began to show symptoms of decay, and a residence in a milder climate was deemed advisable. He went to Fordham in August, 1910, to teach as at Worcester, was brought to death's door in six months, but rallied, and even put in a second year. At the end of that time his forces were so far spent that retirement from the duty of teaching was imperative. He was sent to Jamaica for three years, with no urgent duty calling for exertion. He was Spiritual Father and Confessor to Ours, and ministered to some of the religious communities at Kingston. He returned to New York for the Congregation in July, 1914, but in such a broken-down condition that some had difficulty in recognizing him. He died in New York April 2, 1915.

He was of medium height, inclined to stoutness through inactivity, slow of speech, kind and gentle in his ways until fire was necessary, and then sparks flew, but always under control. He harbored no resentment, but could never understand or excuse a muddled thought or a foolish deed. Such appeared to him like a *peccatum*

philosophicum. He loved discussion of serious subjects, but he could indulge, too, in lighter vein and with a hearty laugh.

Father Michael O' Brien came to Woodstock in 1889 to teach for two years: Ethics the first year, and the Short Course the next. He was born in New York November 17th, 1851, entered the Novitiate at Montreal in 1872, and was sent to England for one year of Juniorate and to Louvain for his Philosophy. His period of teaching included three years at St. Francis Xavier's, one at Fordham and the last at Georgetown. In 1883 he came for his Theology to Woodstock, was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in August, 1886, and passed *ad gradum* the next year. He went to Frederick for his Tertianship in 1887, and on its completion was assigned to the class of Philosophy at Boston.

So sedentary and studious was he that he seemed to be the ideal man for Woodstock, and that the ideal place for him. Despite his hard work he probably did not consider himself competent for the task of teaching Ours; for he was as humble as he was industrious, and after his two years he was sent to Georgetown to teach Philosophy to the graduating class and to the postgraduates. He spent three years there, and then went for the rest of his days to St. Francis Xavier's, New York. He drilled his men thoroughly in his matter, and if they did not understand their theses, it was certainly not the fault of the teacher.

Whatever one might say of his words, no man who observed his actions would fail to pronounce him a person of extraordinary charity. He was studious, sedentary, averse to exercise and suffered tortures from corns on the soles of his feet; yet, if he noticed anyone who did not know our ways and our language, or who could not mix well, and who in consequence was liable to be left alone, there was Mr. O'Brien to entertain him and make him feel at home.

Father Thomas J. A. Freeman spent eight full and profitable years in teaching Physics and Chemistry, or Physics and Mechanics in Woodstock from 1890 to 1898. He had a scientific bent, and received in consequence

one year at Columbia University in preparation for what was to be his life's work. The preparation was meager, but it sufficed for Father Freeman to enter deeper into Science than he was liable to need when called upon to act as a guide for beginners. He was remarkably lucid in his explanations, and besides had a dexterity and practical turn which proved of value in experiments and their preparation. He was keen in observation and quick in detecting flaws and difficulties in practical problems, as well as devising remedies in a crisis. In a large Community such as Woodstock or Fordham, where mechanical complications are apt to arise at any moment, he was invaluable. Combined with accurate and extensive knowledge in Science, he possessed a striking power of exposition and illustration, in which the whimsical played its part. What he knew, he made graphic to others, and the transfer of knowledge was a pleasant operation to the learner. His articles on scientific subjects in the *Catholic Quarterly* were eagerly perused, and brought a gratifiying increase in the number of subscribers. Father Freeman was born in Nova Scotia on April 5th, 1841, and as a young man, he, to better his condition, like many of his countrymen, drifted down to New England. He studied with the Sulpicians in Montreal with the intention of joining that Community. He taught for a time at the Grand Seminary, but concluded to enter a Religious Order. On September 7th, 1866, he was received into our Novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, Montreal. His taste for scientific studies and his proficiency marked him out as a teacher of Science, so that his subsequent activities in the Society were confined to teaching Physics and Chemistry. He studied Philosophy at Fordham and Woodstock, and Theology at Louvain. While in Belgium his investigations helped to build up the reputation of one of Ours who acquired fame in that country, and who later sacrificed his vocation in pursuit of a larger bubble than he thought he could capture as a member of the Society. Father Freeman never chased the bubble, but was content with obscure, but profitable, work in Science in New York, Woodstock and Baltimore. Cancer of the stomach put an end to his career on October 14th, 1907. It was hoped that an operation would

afford some relief in his acute sufferings, but as soon as the true cause was revealed hope was abandoned, and he was brought home to Fordham to die. (*The Letters*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 264).

Father Timothy Brosnahan came to teach in Woodstock in 1890. He was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on January 8th, 1856, was sent to St. Aloysius' College in Washington as soon as he was prepared to enter the classes there. He received like many other Washingtonians of his day, his first impulse to study seriously from Father Lynch, an older teacher of the old school, and had the way smoothed for entrance into the Society by the same kindly old Father. He was received into the Novitiate at Frederick on August 22nd, 1872, a tall, thin, ungainly youth, with but little to indicate his subsequent success. He was an observant Novice, observant of rules, and a critical observant of all that characterized a good Jesuit. During his two years of Juniorate he labored hard to master what is best in Latin and Greek, and to learn what constitutes perfection in literature. In his second year he fell into the hands of Father John Murphy, who taught him how to choose the best in literature and to select what was best in the best, and who gave him principles to guide him in his selection. He became able now to lift his head above the rut of drudgery, to wander in the realm of the beautiful and the noble, and to do some thinking for himself.

In 1876 he was sent to Woodstock for his Philosophy, and little by little he began to forge ahead among his classmates. In Mathematics he soon joined the leaders, and applied himself diligently to the study of Logic under a Professor with whom Formal Logic was a passion. He used his own text-book, and reveled in his favorite subject. The class was the largest that had so far entered Woodstock, and it contained several men who belonged to the highest rank in talent, and rivalry begot renewed effort. If Mr. Brosnahan carried off nothing more than expert knowledge of correct reasoning, it would have been a valuable acquisition for his future work. He had learned to think and to think correctly. But he learned much more; he was ushered into the obscure realm of thought, and in that realm he loved to wander until his death.

After his course of Philosophy he had the good fortune to be sent to Boston for his teaching. Father Fulton was still there and in possession of his full mental vigor. We have had many abler and more learned men than Father Fulton, but we have had few, if any better acquainted with the English classics; and no man who could better express himself in pure classical English, and always on serious and elevated themes. He was an inspiration and a model for the ambitious young teacher. Every opportunity existed for studying the best from the Atheneum and the Public Library, and Mr. Brosnahan availed himself of his opportunities and profited by the directions of Father Fulton. He left after four years, a well-read and seriously thoughtful man, with the consciousness that he had introduced a large class to the realm of exalted thoughts and noble aspirations. They do not forget their debt to him. He was sent to Georgetown for his fifth year, where he found the traditious of Father Healy ably continued by Father Doonan. The year was a profitable one for the teacher as well as for the pupils. Hard work was the rule. Once, by way of a rest in class, the Poets undertook to give the teacher a serenade. Alarm clocks within the desk furnished the music, but not for long; the the teacher got all the clocks and threw them out of the window two stories above the lawn. There were no more serenades, but there was more study.

In 1884 Mr. Brosnahan, mellowed by contact with his little world, began to study Theology, and was ordained in 1887, returned to Boston to teach Philosophy in 1888 for a year, and after his Tertianship in Frederick he taught Logic for two years in Woodstock. After six years more in Boston, the last four as Rector, he came back to teach again one year in Metaphysics and ten in Ethics. During his last four years he was Prefect of Studies also. In this capacity he labored hard to promote precision of thought and expression. To the sensitive his criticisms sounded sharp, but without feeling. Naturally he was pungent, but contact with men mellowed his expression as years rolled by. He was extremely choice in his language, loathed vagueness in thought and word, when writing he constantly consulted the dic-

tionary in order to get the right word to express the exact shade of meaning he desired. This care explains his aversion to speaking anything that he had not written. (*The Letters*, Vol. XLV, p. 99).

Father James Conway had a meteoric flight through Woodstock when he was appointed to teach the Short Course in 1892-3. He was a thorough student and scholar trained in the German Province and assigned to the Buffalo Mission. Thence he came to New York, and taught and wrote in various houses. He added his quota to the School Controversy by his pamphlet "The State Last." Except for his example in religious observance hard work and thoroughness, he cannot be said to have gone far in the making of Woodstock. He died in Fordham, August 12, 1905.

One year, 1893–4, was spent here in teaching Logic by Father Lawrence Kavanagh. He was a native of Newfoundland, was educated at All Hallows, Dublin, and imported by Father Shea. He was a man of talent, a good teacher but explosive in temper. He labored hard to temper the explosions and succeeded well before he reached his end in Philadelphia in January, 1907. His death from sarcoma was very painful and very edifying. His weakness deprived Woodstock of an able Professor, and an exemplary religious in every way, except in the one cross of his life. (*The Letters*, Vol. XXXVI, p. 352).

Father Anthony Mandalari came from Naples to the United States with Fathers Mazzella and Pantanella in 1868. He made his Novitiate and Juniorate in Frederick, and his higher studies in Woodstock, excepting the first year of Philosophy, which was made in Georgetown. He was a poet rather than a Philosopher and an excellent Latinist. In Philosophy the treatise *De Pulchro* was his strong point. He had been engaged in the ministry for some years at Boston, and ended up suddenly in Washington while Operarius at St. Aloysius'. He died on March 4, 1902. (*The Letters*, Vol. XXXIV, p. 413).

The items for the career of Father Macksey have not yet been collected, but they will doubtless appear in a future number of *The Letters*. Ill health, both in early days and in recent years, deprived Woodstock of one of its most promising Professors. The departure of Father

Piccirelli in 1875 and of Fathers Conway, Aloysius Brosnan and P. H. Casey later was little short of a calamity. But Woostock's loss was a gain for other houses.

The following item from Home News in *The Letters* will fittingly close this chapter: "Father Maas, our former Prefect of Studies, was transferred to New York at the beginning of October, 1905, to be one of the editors of *The Messenger,* in place of the late Father James Conway. Father Maas has been Professor of Hebrew at Woodstock for the past nineteen years, and during twelve of these years had also taught Holy Scripture. He was also Librarian for seventeen years, and for the last nine years he had also been Prefect of Studies. He had thus become well known to all who had been at Woodstock for the past twenty years. Nor was this all. For the past five years he was either in charge of the parish at Woodstock or assistant-priest, and was esteemed and loved by all our parishioners. While recognizing that he had been called to labor in a large field, there is not one, we believe, either in the College or in the parish, who does not regret his departure."

CHAPTER XIX

RELAXATIONS

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Close application in the class-room and the more protracted work of private study evidently cannot be carried on without a break. Our rules prescribe regular times of relaxation after dinner and supper, and other relaxations are necessitated by a continued grind. In the beginning the opportunities for recreation were few; the recreation rooms were small, and so men were forced to walk abroad when weather conditions permitted. The large corridors in bad weather, and porches at times, gave opportunity to exercise the muscles. When the weather was fine and the ground was muddy, the brick walk surrounding the building, a quarter of a mile long, afforded a restricted space, but one that was very much appreciated for movement. Coming out of the front door, the Philosophers turned to one side and the Theologians to the other, and pounded the bricks steadily during their whole hour of recreation. They marched in bands of two and three, and sometimes four, until they met at the centre of the building in the rear, then they turned around and marched to the place of beginning. They chatted, chaffed and swapped experiences, and managed to put in an agreeable hour. There was not much inclination, except in the finest of weather, to venture beyond the brick walk, for there were no roads such as we have at present, and the mud paths which did exist were not inviting.

In warm weather when men could sit outside, there was a large platform beneath some tall tulip poplars growing on the slope of the hill below the plateau. Here the Theologians who preferred sitting to walking spent the ordinary hours of recreation, and some of the time on holidays when the walk was not of obligation. They had before them the familiar view over the Patapsco and the railroad bridge, the ever-moving freight trains, drawn by camel-back engines, the silent village with never a change,

no progress, no movement, dead. This platform went by the name of Kikaion, supposed to be Hebrew or Thessalian Greek, or possibly inverted English far "I kick on". Whatever be the derivation of the word, the platform was very much appreciated, and sometimes the Professors honored it with a visit, as did all strangers who came to the College. The view, if restricted, was good, the scenery pleasant, and the session there was very restful. Farther west by a hundred feet, and higher up, there was a roofed pavilion occupied by the Philosophers, affording the same view, just as peaceful, but these sessions were apt to be much more lively, if not boisterous at times. As improvements continued, a third spot, beside the statue of the Blessed Virgin, under large trees again, was selected as a recreation place for the Brothers.

On holidays, ordinary or extraordinary, walking abroad, weather permitting, was of obligation. Bands were sometimes free, and sometimes they were made up by the beadle, and later on by Father Minister. The free bands were much appreciated by lovers of botany or natural history, explorers in mining and industrial branches. Only those who were able to take long walks could indulge in such excursions; consequently men picked companions of kindred scientific spirit, robust enough for extended trips. When the bands were made up and men selected at haphazard, the walks usually lasted a shorter time, and a considerable portion of the morning or afternoon was spent by the men in their rooms at study or reading. Work about the grounds often became a substitute for the walk of obligation. The levelling of the lawn, laying out of the parterre, constructing flower beds, planting boxwood borders, clearing away space for a ball alley, the building of a dam to prevent erosion of the river bank, rooting up brush wood before the grotto and at the cemetery, levelling a space for a ball field, the erection of the White House under the supervision of Father Hedrick, and removing the hill behind the house, all this afforded constant occupation for the strenuous during the space of fifteen years. An idea of the amount of work done may be gained by considering that the hill just metioned rose three feet above the second floor of the house, and extended from the present boundary of the rear

terrace to the road running parallel to the rear of the house. Thousands of cubic feet in rock and sand and clay were carted according to need, for the foundation of roads, for their surfacing and for the grading of their borders. For lovers of handball, men trained at Georgetown particularly, who might care to indulge in their favorite game, two alleys were erected: one on the brow of the hill by the roadside leading down to the village, made of brick and capable of accomodating two sets of players; another of wood, built by the rill near the vegetable garden. The wooden alley was never much patronized; there was little resilience, though there was much noise; like "near beer" it had "no authority". In course of time the weather put an end to whatever usefulness it possessed, and it was carried off, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The brick alley was naturally assigned to the Theologians, many of whom had been accustomed to play at Georgetown; and the wooden alley, a later construction, was erected for the Philosophers. With the exit of the best players by graduation, the brick alley ceased to attract the more sedate Theologians and was falling into "innocuous desuetude". Seeing this the enterprising Bidellus on the "Small Boys' Side" petitioned the use of the alley for the more active portion of the Scholastics, and the petition was granted by Father Rector. *Inde irae.* If the transfer could have been forseen, many would have played rather than lose the opportunity forever. Play now became fast and furious, the west side of the alley was levelled and prepared for use, though it never became as popular as the "opposite court". For those who had soft palms the heretical use of paddles was introduced, much to the scandal of the orthodox. If any resentment at the transfer of the court persisted down to the close of the century, it was removed by the construction of a second brick alley on the site of the orginal barn. *"Sic omnia componuntur"* in the words of Father Sabetti.

Baseball from the very beginning had its votaries. The field, like all the other ground in our neighborhood, sloped considerably, and in order to have an even infield, a large amount of excavating and filling had to be done. The outfield sloped in three directions, but that was no impediment to the continuance of the game. They were

slow pitchers and hard hitters in those days. The throw had not come in fashion, and an underhand ball with little speed reached the batter. In consequence the scores of that day are somewhat startling to votaries of the game at the present time. The first game of which we have any record, took place on April 22, 1870, when the Philosophers challenged the Theologians. It was daring, but the self-sufficiency of the Philosophers was justified by their score of 26 to 8. On the 26th of September, 1872, the young first year of Philosophers, in a fit of pride over its prowess, challenged the other two years. Nine innings were played, and the daring youngsters retired with a score of 28 runs against them. However, they gave a fairly good account of themselves, for they ran up their score to 30. Many other games took place before and after, but probably with no such piling up of runs either on the winning or on the losing side. At the end of the preceding June, the Senior Class of Georgetown paid Woodstock a visit and challenged the Philosophers to a game. The home team scored eleven, but the guests from Georgetown tallied seventeen, much to the disgust of some of the former teachers of the visitors.

The number to be accommodated on the ball field was small. Men who could not play through inability or dislike, and were averse to walking in the summer season over hot dusty roads, found a pleasing diversion on the river. It was easy to please them. The river was narrow and shallow, dotted here and there with protruding rocks and at best, when navigable at all, was limited to a course of half a mile, Yet boating was one of the most favorite pastimes up to 1876. The origin of the Woodstock Navy was as follows. Father Denis O' Kane, pastor of St. Mary's Church, North End, Boston, paid two visits to Woodstock in its early days. On the first occasion, November 25, 1869, he left a present of one hundred dollars, the nucleus of the price of an organ for the Domestic Chapel. On his second visit the following year, he made the house a present of a boat, which was duly called the "Saint Mary's", after the title of his church. The boat became popular, and was used frequently in plowing the muddy waters and trying to plow the protruding rocks. The pleasure of boating appealed

to Mr. Poland, a merchant of Cincinatti, the Father of two of our Scholastics, both students at Woodstock, and to Father Sestini, the editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. He had appealed to the Scholastics, to obtain for him subscriptions to the *Messenger*. The appeal was enthusiastically answered, and the subscriptions flowed in rapidly. In gratitude, Father Sestini contributed enough to purchase four boats, in addition to two given by Mr. Poland and one by Father O' Kane. The Philosophers owned four as being the major portion of the community in 1871. The new boats arrived from Baltimore on May 6, and on the 28th there occurred a grand launching of the fleet. From the Philosphers' Diary, May 29th, Pentecost Monday, we copy the following entry: "Grand launching of the new boats and regatta, at which Reverend Father Rector, Father Minister and all the Professors were present. There were nine boats in line and the choir occupied the middle position in the fleet, adding greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. Father O' Connor, ex-Bishop of Pittsburg, was present also." Mr. Pye Neale manipulated a dugout, while some daring mariner probably bestrode a log. The freshet of September of the next year swept away the three boats belonging to the Theologians, so the Philosophers were forced to divide theirs with the elder brethern. The same flood carried away the swinging bridge which from the wreck of the wagon bridge in '69, was the only means foot passengers had for reaching the station. Now they had to be ferried across by boat, or take a seat in the granite wagon driven by Jim Cavey. This inconvenience, however, lasted for only a few days, as the foot bridge was repaired and restored to its place. Despite the difficulty of navigation, owing to the rocks, a great deal of enjoyable time was spent on the river. Professors at times joined the Scholastics, not at rowing, which they could not do, and still less at steering, which might have meant a catastrophe. They seemed to enjoy the outing and the care-free recreation of the Scholastics. Men who wished to use the boats were obliged to inscribe the name of their captain and the name of their coveted boat, on a slate by the beadle's door. A, B, C, order characterized the boats of the Philosophers; Angelo, named after Father Paresce;

Benedict, after Father Sestini; C, Saint Catherine, patroness of the Philosophers; D, in honor of Saint Denis, the patron of Father O' Kane, who was founder of the Woodstock Navy. At the establishment of the villa at Saint Inigo's and the enjoyment of deep and wide waters there, boating on the Patapsco lost most of its attractions. The steersman had constantly to be on guard not to run his boat into the bank or on a rock. Such caution after freedom on the Saint Mary's River or Saint Inigo's Creek, was distasteful. However, in the Spring of 1877, after the close af the third year, a party of men spent their free time in removing by block and tackle attached to trees on the bank, every stone that was removable from the bed of the river. Some improvement resulted, but the Patapsco never regained its glory as a place for regattas after the establishment of the villa at Saint Inigo's.

The river afforded at times much more interesting recreation in Winter than in Summer. When the water was low and the movement sluggish, a cold snap was sure to furnish exercise not only for a few, like the boats, but for anybody who could keep his balance on skates. Some Winters the river was frozen for many days at a time and several times during the season. At other times when the Winter was mild or a South wind blew up to rot the ice, not much could be done on the river. Then votaries of exercise by skating had to seek other quarters. The little ice pond near the gate, the deep and dangerous pond at the quarry and the overflowed land by the quarry at Granite afforded healthful recreation for men who were willing to go so far afield. Many of the men were experts and could amuse themselves on the smallest possible patch. Usually Mr. Cotè started out immediately after breakfast, selected some corner of smooth ice, even though not half as long as his own room, and without leaving this spot would exercise himself there until dinner time. Mr. Daugherty, the all-around athlete, student, scientist and musician, favored the long stretches and rapid skating. He was more at home on skates than the average man on his feet. Once he saw a knot of Professors on the ice, and wishing to greet them, he rushed towards them with the velocity of a train. Seeing him come, they attempted to scatter for safety

anticpating to be bowled over. They were helpless to move, but Mr, Daugherty skilfully stopped within a foot of the party. The winter, when snow fell, afforded some venturesome souls the exhilarating but dangerous exercise of sledding from the lawn down to the gate. The ten percent grade was perfect, but the hollow on the right was not without its dangers. There were but few who felt competent to attempt the descent. But they enjoyed it in spite of the long climb home. A less dangerous spot for sledding was sometime selected on the South side of the boulevard between the hot house and the woods. The descent was more rapid though the danger was less. Once a daring rider attempted the descent over the frozen snow seated on a shingle. Shreds of his nether garment along the line of descent warned him to procure a wider support on his next trip. Memory does not record whether the venturesome coaster, Mr. Hayes, ever essayed a second trip; but certain it is that Brother Elkin's skill was required to repair damages.

Up to the year 1876 the long vacation was spent at Woodstock. The time was unfavorable for walking, except late or early, through the woods, and it was necessary to find some means of pastime. In the early part of the day the handball alley was in request, but as soon as the sun rose higher the shade was sought. Besides the brick ball alley, there was erected a bowling alley to exercise the skill, develop muscle and kill time. Science might have been lacking on the part of the players, but they amply made up in noise, for there was a constant rumble from the balls over the floor of the alley, and the knocking down of the pins kept up a constant din. Prizes were offered for the highest scores and induced a few to practice a sport which they had never known before. At the same time, that is in 1871, shooting with an air gun was introdcued as a diversion, but it never attained any great popularity. Perhaps there was not the noise to suit vacation time, for in most men there remains enough of the boy element that confounds noise with amusement; most men would like to shoot straight and rival Daniel Boone or or Hawkeye with a rifle. But all felt that, because a man could hit a bull's-eye at thirty feet, there was no guar-

antee that he could hit a cow at a hundred yards. For a season or two at St. Inigo's they tried the bow and arrow, but found it hard to stir up much enthusiasm as there was no more resultant noise than with the air-gun.

The large class of Philosophy beginning the course in 1876 contained a few who were adepts in croquet, and availed themselves of the level lawn in front of the house to indulge in that mild form of exercise, and it attracted considerable notice for a time. A goodly number learned the game for curiosity, but the feminine character of the game prevented it ever gaining popularity. If the contest lay not in tapping one's ball through a wicket here and there, or gently kissing one's opponent's ball for an extra shot, but driving it off the grounds and over the hill, much more interest might have been displayed. The average American desires muscular exertion in his games rather than fine touches. Hence base-ball, which tests keenness of vision as well as play of muscle in arms and limbs, must remain the national game until America degenerates like the decadent Greek and Roman. The Marne, St. Mihiel and the Argonne bear witness to the value of strenuous pastimes.

When lawn tennis was introduced in April, 1893, there was a disposition at first to look upon it as an older brother or older sister of croquet; but as soon as critics and scoffers tried their hand, they found in it a field for severe exercise, just as much as they could endure on a warm day. Practice brought skill in the game, enthusism followed success, and the number of players increased so that additional courts were laid out. Critics of the "ladies' game" found in it all the exercise for eye and limb that they could ambition. The result is that the beautiful sward is now replaced by the unpoetic mud of the courts, Will the popularity of the effeminate game abate? Who can forecast the taste of the coming years? But if the critics wax in opposition and the players wane in ardor, a compromise may be effected by moving the courts to the rear of the house and restore the charming aspect of the front.

Sedentary men on walk-days had few diversions besides conversation during the recreations at noon and night. In

warm weather they flocked to the benches on the Kikaion and swapped experiences in the class room as teachers or as pupils; and the occasional peals of laughter that were heard proved that low spirits were in exile. The number from foreign countries with us in early days were able to contribute their share of hilarity by narrating traits and customs and incidents familiar to them but new to most of their hearers. Class matters were at times discussed by the more earnest; but in general they were not in favor. However, men like Mr. Kokenge (who, when suffering from a headache, would call for a difficulty in Theology to relieve his feelings) were not easily silenced. Usually such had to withdraw to more quiet quarters to satisfy their bent. Laughter and syllogisms did not mingle well.

In cold weather the recreation rooms were apt to be crowded. Knots of talkers gathered when nothing unusual was before the house; but, as often happened, when some adventure was detailed, especially by a good speaker with a spice of wit in his composition, the knots were untied, and all gathered around the centre of interest. It was seldom, indeed, that some tricks or adventure or a bit of local history did not bring all together as interested listeners. In the early seventies the Guibord Society among the Theologians held nightly sessions, and managed to gather around them most of their class-mates. Such wags and wits as Father Sasia and Whiteford could fill the room at any time. Ostensibly members assembled to bore one another; in reality they amused everybody. Guibord, the apostate Canadian Mason, was finally, after many appeals in his case, buried in a Catholic cemetery, enclosed in a coffin and surrounded by tons of concrete. He is forgotten in Canada and even in Woodstock, where his name was borrowed for the sake of the final syllable of his name. The Society was a continuation in Woodstock of the Artesian Society in Georgetown. The latter once conducted a debate on the question of the proper pronunciation of the Irish King who broke the power of the Danish invaders, (Irish Boroimhe). In a class of history the teacher would be entitled to say Bour, while the pupils would insist on Bore me.

There was one billiard table, but for one reason or another it was very little used. The number that could be accommodated was small, and the time for a game would be long. One could not play without making himself conspicuous. Chess, as too absorbing, was rarely played; checkers were easier and more often used; while dominoes were very much in request, especially when used to play a kind of euchre.

CHAPTER XX.

MATERIAL IMPROVEMENT.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

In the first ten years after the opening of Woodstock many changes and improvements had taken place to enhance the conveniences of life. Lighting by electricity was introduced, electric motors were applied to locomotion and the telephone was invented. The honor of the latter invention might have come to Woodstock if Father McDonough, the Minister in 1875, had less thrift and more faith in the scientific attainments of the Scholastics. Mr. Thomas Stack, who had just finished his course in Philosophy, was a hard student, a thinker along scientific lines, and an experimental genius after the Wright pattern. He had taken up the notion that the voice might be transmitted over a wire by an electrical current if there were any means of splitting up the syllables by means of a suitable resonator and had made some experiments with Mr. Daly, a Junior with a bent towards electrical phenomena. They were able to commmunicate over a space of two hundred feet, and thought they could succeed more satisfactorily at greater length. They applied to the Minister Procurator for a few hundred feet of copper wire, but thrift and a change of status put an end to the investigations. Inside of a year the invention was sprung on the public by Mr. Bell, and so Woodstock lost one of its possible claims on immortality.

This was not the first time that Woodstock was startled by the possibilities of electricity. In 1870 Father Cichi, Professor of Physics and Chemistry, by means of a battery or powerful magnet with a coil, was able to secure current enough to illuminate the whole exterior of the house. His lamp was placed on a high pole stationed between the statue and the east wing. The power to generate the current was supplied by a pair of horses turning a kind of improvised capstan, perhaps borrowed from a

threshing machine. Night work for the horses was a grievance; but when the current began to be generated the strain became intolerable, and they refused to work until urged by a whip. The natives, however, were bewildered at the wizardry of the new College.

It was a long cry from the experimental illumination of the house for an hour to the general use of electricity in the rooms, halls and corridors, and Woodstock had to resort to various expedients to dispel the darkness of night. Coal oil had come into general use in Amercia as a substitute for the venerable candle of our parents, and coal oil was adopted from the first days. At first the lamps were small, containing but little oil, calling for repeated filling and multiplying the danger of explosions. Men who had never seen coal-oil or kerosene before had to fill their own lamps, sometimes at night, and occasionally while the wick was aflame. How the house ever escaped repeated conflagrations the Angels only can tell, but they were enlisted on the side of safety by a weekly Mass. They did their work well and deserve our heartfelt thanks. In the whole fifty years there have been but two fires at all dangerous and both extinguished with little loss. One took place December, 1874, in the shoemaker's shop where the present Pharmacy is located. It might have been formidable, but as it was recreation time there were several walking in the corridor at that moment, and the flame was detected before it got much headway. Fire extinguishers and buckets were seized immediately and set to work. Good execution was done by the former on the floor and walls of the corridor, and on men within reach, while the more prosaic and inexpensive bucket doused the blazing leather and soon put out the fire. When the dodger of tragedy was over men could enjoy the comedy of the dripping volunteers.

The light afforded in the rooms was barely sufficient to study with, and allowed but little freedom of movement at the desk while in the corridors there was a dark tunnel pierced by a beam of light cast by a reflector behind a lamp mounted at the far intersection of the main and side passages, with a central light to mark the main entrance and the domestic chapel. In the chapel there

were strong lights on either side of the altar, and others on brackets on the walls, but not enough to enable one to read without a strain. Large lamps hung from the ceiling between the pillars in the refectory, and a movable one stood on the reader's desk in the middle of the floor. Except on moonlit nights there was cimmerian darkness in the library.

In 1885-6 the plant that supplied Georgetown with artificial light was transferred as a purchase or as a gift to Woodstock, and was the means of outstanding the lamps from the public places, but its product never reached the private rooms. At times the light was quite satisfactory, but was liable to be recalcitrant when most needed. In cold weather the pipes were apt to freeze and the burners needed much attention. The flame, though bright, was meagre. On April 9, 1903, gasoline gave way to acetylene very much to the satisfaction of the community. The new illuminant was treacherous, yet no accident happened in the house, though there was a vigorous explosion once about the plant by the ice-house. As far back as 1898 orders came for the introduction of electricity, but no satisfactory arrangement could be made to get the current or to produce it at home. It was only in 1918 that electric lighting superseded other means of dispelling darkness, and gave a festive air to Woodstock in preparation for the Jubilee.

In 1896 the White House was put up behind the kitchen on the north side of the road as it turned east to the rear of the College. Mr. Hedrick, Professor of Mathematics, was the architect and builder, aided by workmen and the stalwarts among Theologians. By next spring the building was ready for occupation, and the printing press was removed from the basement in the south-wing to the first floor of the White House, the tailor removed his goose and other paraphernalia from the north-east basement, and the shoemaker transferred his owl to the same floor. Some Brothers occupied rooms on the third floor in place of their quarters above the Library known as Kerry Patch. Workmen were quartered in dormitories in the attic.

In 1888 the barn was changed from its site on the west side of the College near the second brick ball-alley

and just east of the carpenter's shop to the field opposite to the east entrance. The removal gave opportunity for improvement in the grounds, and saved us to a considerable extent from the pest of flies which from the days of Homer love to haunt the abode of cattle. These are now too far removed to send a delegation to our refectory, though uninvited guests of the family try to make themselves at home at our table despite the plain notice of "flies not admitted" proclaimed by our screens. Minor beasts refused to leave with the cows, and as a consequence of the removal of their usual provender, the barn rats began to make themselves at home in the house, and especially in the scullery. Great was the scattering and pattering of feet if one chanced to wander to that part of the house after dark. They became such experts in making a get-away that they learned to climb up the elevator ropes and would peer down from the hole in the ceiling, and wonder why that inquisitive Minister did not go to bed like the rest of the community.

The next improvement projected by Father Racicot (for those already mentioned were carried out during his administration) was to construct a steam laundry. The community had grown to such proportions that the Luby family, growing old in years and thinning in numbers, could not well handle the work any longer. After calculation of expenses for building and machinery, it was determined in the fall of 1888 to erect a building of granite beside the house which had served as laundry for nineteen years, and equip it with machinery moved by steam, to wash, dry and iron the clothes. With some care and very little expenditure of muscle, it was possible in half the time to do the work better than it had been done before, and still the price, including the salary of an engineer, was but little more than the previous cost for the same work.

To Mrs. General Sherman, Woodstock owes the extension of the telegraph line to our village. She came to board in the neighborhood in the Summer of 1889 to be on hand as well as at home for the ordination of her son Thomas, at the end of August in that year. Mail came twice a day from the city, but if she wanted to telegraph

she had to send her message to Ellicott City, eight miles away; telegrams reached her by freight trains flagged at the same station to receive the message and to deliver it to the railroad agent at Woodstock, and entrusted by him to any chance passer, or to some boy who might be willing to run up the hill in expectation of a quarter for his pains. Such a primitive mode of communication did not suit the wife of General Sherman. She expostulated with the officials and pleaded effectually the cause of a large community dependent on the mail, even in emergencies, for communicating with the outside world. She could be stronger in language than we, and much more urgent, and her social position gained her a hearing. The line was run through Woodstock, and proved a benefit to the railroad as well as to us. The new railroad station followed the installation of the telegraph office, and housed it as well as waiting passengers. Hard on the heels of this boon to Woodstock came the telephone to the College, so that now, instead of being exiles in the woods we were in immediate contact with the civilized world.

Improvement of one kind or another became the fashion about the time that the College reached its first quarter century of existence. Father Boursaud added his little quota of moderation. He seems to have been cold or thin-blooded like many others who were seen wearing an overcoat in the house as well as outside for months in a year. The long corridors, very inadequately heated by a furnance in the basement, had numerous windows on the north-west side of the house which were a poor protection from the wintry blasts. Zero, or near zero, weather seemed to turn them into a sieve, and made almost unquestioned entrance to the house, to the discomfort of those who liked to study while walking, and used the corridors when the porches or grounds were unavailable. Storm windows were put in place on November 14, 1892, and proved a blessing to the peripatetics. The experiment was so successful that similiar protection was secured for the refectory on January 20, 1893. From this on the overcoat as a dinner garb could be discarded, and meals could be taken in comfort even by the most delicate. The furnance heat supplied from the base-

ment for refectory and library was ample at ordinary times in the climate of Maryland; but when a cold snap came, and it was liable to come at any time during three months of the year, the heating apparatus was entirely inadequate, and some men suffered grave inconvenience. The improvement in the matter of heat suggested light also, and to add to cheerfulness of the refectory, six large hanging lamps were suspended from the ceiling on January 25th of the same year.

Perhaps the most important of all the improvements made in Woodstock was the one projected in the spring of 1897. It was proposed to substitute steam heating for stoves. It would be more economical, cleaner, less dangerous and more even. The outlay would be considerable in the beginning, but even if the saving in coal did not balance the cost, the other benefits arising from the change would be a compensation for the greater expense. Bids were received May 18, 1897, from various firms; those handed in by Wood & Co. of Baltimore being preferred. On August 19th the firm made some suggestions for improvement, as the head of the company seemed to take more than a commercial interest in his work. He pushed his men to carry out his contract in time to meet the cold weather. The stoves, however, would continue to fill the bill and dispel cold until the completion of the steam plant. The work was finished on November 10, 1897, and the first car load of coal was received on the same day. The boiler was located under the north-east wing of the College, where one of the furnaces was formely located. The space was cramped, and extraordinary care had to be taken to prevent the possibility of fire. Due precautions were taken and no fire occurred; but the heat above and around was such that, to avoid any risk, removal was necessary and location had to be secured for the plant outside the house. North of the northeast wing by the path to the garden and below the level of the rear terrace ground was staked off in April for the new boiler house. The chimney seemed somewhat of a problem. Workmen came on August 8th to begin work on it, but left without setting a brick. Did they give us the benefit of one of their periodical strikes? They returned and completed the foundation and base of the chimney

before the end of September. A German firm whose specialty is round-chimney building, sent a man for their part of the work. He had put up ninety-nine others before coming to Woodstock, and was an expert and rapid workman. He was long on skill, but short on grammar and temper, and afforded much amusement to his many watchers and critics. However, the work went on rapidly, and though not a thing of beauty on our grounds, the chimney is excellent of its kind. In the mean time a tunnel was excavated from the power house to the basement, and the pipes from the new boiler were connected up with the old. In warm weather a small plant is used to supply steam to the kitchen, to heat water and to keep food warm after cooking. Electricity now is generated in the boiler house, so that the building is fully utilized. On February, 1900, the new boilers were used for the first time, and Woodstock at last was comfortably heated without danger to any one.

Superiors must have looked back with gratitude for the singular protection extended to the community for thirty years when they contemplated the innumerable dangers from fire that had been escaped. Lamps in the hands of those who were unfamiliar with them were a constant menace, and stoves were a menace no less, and a mystery to many who came to visit or to study in Woodstock. Men from Bogota and Quito, from Sicily and Andalusia, had heard of artificial heat and means of producing it in God-forsaken countries, but were as helpless to produce it as we are to kindle a fire by the friction of two sticks. Lessons, of course, were given and the theory was quickly absorbed, but the practice proved more stubborn than the theory. The fire was apt to go out, the grate to fall down unaccountably, and spread the red coals over the zinc and the floor. Coal oil was apt to be called in to accelarate the combustion, quite against prudence and regulations; the stove-door, through forgetfulness was left closed sometimes in leaving the room, to the imminent danger of near-by furniture, trunks, etc. One brilliant Father, more brilliant in speculative matters than in the practice, returned to his room to find the stove red-hot up to the pipe. He applied his reasoning

powers to the known principle that water is inimical to fire, and concluded by emptying his water pitcher over the red-hot stove; but the fire went merrily on, and would have gone on until the coal was consumed, if a less philosophic neighbor had not solved the problem by opening the stove-door and throwing up the window.

The antiquated system of toilets, their lack of proper ventilation, and their inadequacy for the number in the community left very much to be desired. When the new Provincial, Father Purbrick, understood the condition, it did not take him long to form a decision in the matter of a change. On October 2, 1898, he gave orders that new toilets and bath rooms should be provided. Towers were run up from the basement to the roof at both ends of the porches. There was to be ample space for basins and bath tubs on each floor, with a chance for thorough ventilation and access through the original doors at the extremities of the porches. Demolition, as far as was necessary for construction, was began on November 21st, and on December 19th, the bricklayers began their work. It seems risky to undertake building at such a time, but by heating the bricks and the sand the danger of the mortar freezing is eliminated. From the fact that the bricklayers did not finish their job until April 8th, it seems probable that they took holidays during the cold spells. Two days after the completion of the brick work the plumbers, under the critical direction of Brother Langan, began their task. To insure a plentiful supply of water an artesian well was dug by the barn, and a new pumping station was erected hard by to send the water to the barn, the laundry and the College. The completion and proper functioning of this gives an ample supply in the towers at all times.

With the gradual withdrawal of the Philosophers of the Missouri Province at the beginning of 1889-90 term, and the final flight of the Theologians in August 1899, the pressure for room in Woodstock was diminished; and when in 1904, the New Orleans Mission ceased to send its contingent, each man could have a fairly good room for himself. The number in the community fell for a time below one hundred and forty. But when, owing to the rapid increase of Novices at St. Andrew's and the return

of New Orleans Scholastics after a short absence, and the influx of subjects from Canada, California and the Rocky Mountains, the number mounted to over two hundred and thirty and was destined to reach two hundred and fifty-eight for its jubilee year, clearly some new accommodation had to be provided. In consequence then, of the overcrowded condition, the White House was occupied by Scholastics in 1910-11 and a frame three story building was constructed and was occupied by Philosophers on September 2, 1912. On the previous day it was blessed and dedicated under the title of St. Michael's Hall. Its more common name is the Green House to keep the White House in countenance with a titulus coloratus. It had not passed its first year before its existence was seriously menaced by a fire which broke out on Friday January 10, 1913, in the workmen's building quite near. It was saved only by heroic efforts on the part of the Scholastics who covered roof and side with blankets which were kept saturated with water. But no power could have saved it had the wind not been favorable to the workers. The workmen's building, St. Peter Claver's Hall, was a total loss; but all were thankful that the Green and the White House did not go too, and especially that the priceless library was not endangered. With the unlimited and unoccupied ground at hand, one wonders how the Green House was set up beside another frame building, and separated from it by only twelve feet.

CHAPTER XXI.

FAMILY FEASTS.

Beatus populus qui scit jubilationem

Woodstock has always been for the many a place of devotion to duty, study and teaching. It was established as a shrine of learning, and such it has continued to the present. The Faculty, Theologians, Philosophers and the Brothers pursued their various aims apart and came together but seldom, except for spiritual exercises. In this seclusion of study and separation of grades, it is possible for a man to spend a year in the house without knowing the names of all his fellow religious. Classmates, readers, disputants soon became known; but it is only in the long vacation that one is certain to get acquainted with all the members of the community. However, they have opportunities of coming together from time to time during the year, and of extending the circle of acquaintances; and it is remarkable how perfectly at home men from all parts of the country, and of the world for that matter, feel when they come to exchange words for the first time. There is the same formation, the same spirit, a perfect understanding and genuine cordialty from the first clasp of the hand.

The Feast of Saint Catherine, November 25, Philosophers' Day, brings all together for the first time. Ordinarily the celebration is serious and on a high plane. Pieces in prose and verse, in Latin and English, uphold the glory of the Patroness of Philosophers; music, too, lends its charms, while the body is not forgotten. Christmas week usually assembles all twice, when the atmosphere is more social and the entertainment is in lighter vein. Sometimes a play, original or adapted, whiles away the time, leaving conversation to the intermission or to the intervals between the acts. At this season there have been many amusing improvisations, each one differing from the former efforts. The distribution of prizes,

which occasionally took place at this season, gave opportunities for surprises, jokes and good-humored skits on past events or escapades. Usually the hero or the victim was heartiest in the enjoyment of the joke. The meeting at carnival time was generally of the same character, but commonly called for a play of some kind, light or heavy according to the talent, and always with variety. In the light plays, if adapted, the events and comedies of the past months were apt to find their record and exaggeration without wounding feelings. Superiors and Professors sometimes needed notes in explanation, but usually they enjoyed the absurdities as much as the Scholastics, and were convinced that there was not yet any danger of an epidemic of gloom menacing the students. Easter brought its own note of joy, and was celebrated appropriately with music and song, and any new invention that might relax the mind after the most absorbing stretch in the calendar. The ordinations whether they took place in Advent, or at Easter, in June or in August, called for the best literary efforts and the heartiest feeling of the Philosophers and Theologians alike. These greetings became more and more elaborate as the number of newly ordained increased from three or four in the first year to about thirty in 1886, when Archbishop Gibbons first ordained as Cardinal. Long vacations, too, whether at Woodstock up to 1875, or at St. Inigo's after that date, called for its peculiar diversions in addition to the aquatic sports. Sometimes a Jesuit Barnum paid a visit, sometimes a political convention took place, anything to beget a hearty and harmless laugh to send men away amused, and prove that they could recreate in innocence and contentment. Singing predominated, comic, patriotic, religious. Men could sing to their heart's content. The vault of heaven was far above, and safe from all dangers of crashing down on our heads.

Besides these occasions, which might be called ordinary times of rejoicing and relaxation after severe application, there were occurrences which called for special celebration. The entertaiment for the guests on the opening day is a type that closely followed on subsequent occasions, though the polyglot character of the house was not often so much emphasized. The official visit of the

Superiors in August, 1871, to examine how far the program drawn up for the new Scholasticate was suitable, and could be carried out, called for some recognition. Fathers Keller, O'Neill, Coosemans and Bapst were on hand again, a welcome sight to those who belonged to other Provinces, and respect and affection called for some expression. One of the papers was by Mr. Kenny of Canada, and was entitled a "Retrospect of Woodstock in in 1899". His keen and kindly wit had a good field for its exercise, and the disposition of his class-mates evoked many a laugh. It would be pleasant to read a revised edition with additions and corrections to 1900.

In the course of fifty years there have been several official gatherings to commemorate events of importance to the house, to the Province, to the universal Church, and on each of these there was held a musical and literary session to stress the feeling of the community. But there have been others where rejoicing with one or more private individuals found felicitous expression. Though a few from outside might be invited, a domestic or family spirit characterized the proceedings. Incidents grave or gay might be touched upon, offices held, deeds performed, honors, Holy Orders, promotions received, all depending on the man; and all expressive of sympathy and affection. Music and Poetry joined hands to gladden the occasion, and stately prose was called to illustrate and explain the motive of the gathering and the joy. The earliest of these was the Golden Jubilee of Father Felix Cicaterri's entrance into religion. It was the first of many others to follow, and was redolent of genuine joy and good feeling. The refectory was decorated in Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor's best style, which means perfect taste and devotion. A pennant hung from the ceiling extending from the reader's desk to the Fathers table bearing in large golden letters the inscription "Felix 1804, Felicior 1823, Felicissimus 1873." He was born in 1804, July 3rd, and was baptized Felix; entered the Society January 28, 1823, and celebrated the event on February 6th shortly after his arrival to take the post of Spiritual Father. He was well known to the members of the Maryland Provvince, and he appreciated their devotedness and taste as

expressed in the music, which he was passionately fond of, in the addresses and decoration. He did not live long to sanctify Woodstock by his spiritual talks, and to astonish them by his extraordinary knowledge of Scripture and his unwonted flow of Ciceronian Latin. He passed off on July 15, 1873, and one of the first to find a resting place in the Cemetery.

On March 7,1874, a very elaborate celebration of the sixth centennial of the great doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, took place. The Professors wished the strongest impressions to be made in a Theological and Philosophical Institute on the minds of all as to the importance of St. Thomas' doctrine and his influence in the Church. For six hundred years the best minds looked to him for safe guidance through the mazes of error and for a clear development of Christian thought. If he were appreciated as he deserves in a new Scholasticate the countless wrecks of modern theories that strew the pathway of knowledge would have but little attraction for the students; and the vagaries of modern thought, or absence of thought, would be detected and despised under his guidance. The power and versatility and copiousness of St. Thomas were set forth in prose and verse, and his mastery from many angles explained in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in English, French, Spanish, Italian and German. His poems *Adoro te* and *Lauda Sion* were sung partly for devotion, and partly to illustrate the warmth of his heart towards our Savior. It was, perhaps, the most elaborate function in the history of Woodstock, and must have gratified the souls of Fathers Mazzella and Paresce. St. Thomas was not only the Angel of the Schools, but the brightest ornament of the Kindom of Naples.

In September, 1875, an unusual demonstration took place to celebrate two domestic events of importance, the Profession of Father Degni on August 15th, and the last vows of Father Miège on the same date, and his advent to Woodstock as Spiritual Father after resigning the See of Leavenworth, Kansas. Some yet remembered him as the Celebrant of the First Mass said for the Community in our Domestic Chapel, and as one of the Officials who blessed the whole house at its opening in September, 1869.

Now he was assigned to the duty of guiding our footsteps in the spiritual life. As one of the speakers put it, the Angel of the East made an appeal to the Angel of the West to come to his aid for that all-important work. He was enthusiastically welcomed, not so much because he was a Bishop, now taking his place in the ranks once more like the rest of us, but because of his charming personality, his perennial cheerfulness, his ability to spread that same spirit wheresoever he went, and his great experience as well as his personal sanctity and striking humility. He was sincerely glad to be at home again, and we were glad to have him at home, and to be at home with him. The welcome to Father Degni was well-nigh lost in the greetings to the greater man, though he, too, had a well merited share in our family feast.

Obedience and necessity called away within a few years three of the original Professors, Father Mazzella in October, 1878, Father Pantanella in December, 1882, and Father De Augustinis in June, 1885. Woodstock owed them a debt of gratitude for their devotedness, piety and scholarship, and for the personal interest which they took not only in the house as a whole but also in their pupils and in all who had recourse to them either as priests or as scholars. As far as they could, the Scholastics tried to impress on their minds the conviction we entertained of the loss we suffered in their withdrawal, our gratitude for efforts in our behalf, and our best wishes for their future success and merit before God. Living amongst us they may have been disposed to consider us stolid and unemotional, and so we were in comparison with their nationals; but they could not doubt about the sincerity of our feeling and our regret at their necessary departure.

A farewell greeting was extended on August 18, 1882, to Father Morgan when he was summoned to Philadelphia to take charge of St. Joseph's residence. As spiritual Father he had endeared himself to the community and did his share in making Woodstock a home, a place to remember with affection in after days. He was a most devoted student of the history of the Society, and of Maryland, his native state, and naturally he showed deep interest in the *Woodstock Letters;* and when he became Editor strove to make them a mine of interesting infor-

mation not only in the Province, but to the Society at large. He knew how to get others to work with him and for him, and he collected interesting items from the South American Republics as well as from other countries. He would have been very much missed if he had been succeeded as Spiritual Father by any one of a less sympathetic character than the genial Father Verdin.

In 1833 Father Roothaan raised the mission of Maryland and Pennsylvania to the dignity of a Province. He had more faith in the growth of Catholicity in the United States than most men of his time, and believed there was a fruitful field for the Society in the new Republic. There were two large communities, Georgetown and Whitemarsh, two good parishes and several missions that might grow with the country, or stagnate in rural conservatism according to shifting population. The words College and Residence probably conveyed more meaning in Rome to the reader or listener than the sight of Georgetown and Whitemarsh roused in the beholder. But whatever the impressions or the hopes, whether in Rome or America, the new transmarine Province came into existence, and the Fathers in Maryland were jubilant at the honor. Fifty years later, April 1883, the whole Province, much enlarged, as was to be hoped, celebrated with enthusiasm the golden anniversary; and Woodstock, as the principal, the largest community, did chief honor to the occasion. There were still a few survivors of the first proclamation who were reminiscent of their earlier days. All the dignitaries who could come were here to join the festivity. There were all the Provincials and superiors of Missions, Rectors and superiors of all the Colleges and Residences in the Province. History, Poetry, Music and Song combined to make the gathering a memorable one. Tasteful decorations in the Library and Refectory lent their color and added their note of joy to the Jubilee. Later a pamphlet recording every item in the celebration was printed and distributed to those who had not the pleasure of being present. (See *TheLetters* vol. XII, pp 205-207.)

In 1633, two priests set sail for Maryland, Fathers White and Altham; in 1833, when we became a Province, there were thirty-eight Priests, twenty Scholastics and thirty-two Coadjutors, a total of ninety in the Mission.

Fifty years later those had grown to 551 in our Province, alone, with three hundred and thirty-two in Missouri, one hundred and forty-three in New Orleans, about as many in Canada, and as many more in California, New-Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains. There was good reason to rejoice over the growth of the laborers in the harvest.

Father Charles Piccirillo succeeded Father Mazzella as Prefect of Studies, and in that office he came more and more into contact with the men, and learned to know them better and to appreciate their good qualities. He was a man of wide experience, familiar with every phase of intellectual life, and with the best scholars in every walk, a prodigious worker himself and anxious to see every man working as hard as possible, not only at the subjects of obligation, but, if time allowed, at anything that proved an attraction in other lines. As he came to know the men better, they in turn from familiarity began to appreciate his worth and to profit by his suggestions and encouragement. When the time for his Jubilee arrived, they prepared for him a celebration such as had not been seen in Woodstock for many a day, and showed him at the end of his career that his efforts were prized and his character as a scholar and a religious esteemed as they deserved to be. He ended his happy days with the conviction that his labors in the Scholasticate had borne fruit.

Hard on the heels of Father Piccirillo's Jubilee came a celebration in which the Prefect of Studies had a major part. Father General, in the summer of 1885, had decreed to Woodstock the honors of a *Collegium Maximum*, and the event called for celebration of more than usual solemnity. The honor affected the whole Province and the Province by sending representatives to Woodstock, had its share in the rejoicings. All the Rectors and Superiors of Residences within easy reach were on hand, with Reverend Father Provincial at their head. Father Ziegler, the ancient of the students, opened the session with a paper on the new title, and Father Provincial closed the programme of song and story with an address suitable to the happy event. We were now on a par not only in members but in honor

with the other Scholasticates of the Society. Gratitude for the honor was the prevailing note.

Twenty-five years form but an insignificant period in the history of an Institution of Learning, yet when Woodstock had reached that term, she paused for a moment, looked back at her infancy, and thanked God for her growth and strength. Nay, every house in the Province had a share in her silvery notes of joy. On the twenty-seventh of September, 1884, Reverend Father Provincial, the Rectors of all the Colleges, except Holy Cross, the Superiors of the Residences, Fathers Zahm and Heinzle from Buffalo, with some specially invited guests, as Father Devitt, the oldest student, were present to grace the occasion. After solemn Benediction at 10 o' clock, the Community and guest assembled in the Library, decorated for the Jubilee, and listened with attentive pleasure to the literary and musical exercises. The history and growth of the Scholasticate were sketched allegorically in seven well written papers by as many Scholastics, comparing Woodstock, a temple of knowledge, to the temple of Jerusalem, a shrine of worship. Interspersed with the historical papers were carefully chosen and ably rendered selections of music, vocal and instrumental, to vary the attention and direct the thoughts to God in gratitude for His many blessings to the house.

During dinner the praises of the founders, Fathers Keller, Paresce and Mazzella were rehearsed, and Father Devitt entertained the Community with interesting and amusing incidents of the early days. Letters of congratulation were read from Cardinal Mazzella and Father De Augustinis of the first staff of Professors, and the Holy Father sent his apostolic Blessing by cable. Fireworks at night, and a grand illumination of the building, brought a close to a very happy day. To perpetuate the memory of the Jubilee, a large photograph of the guests was taken as they sat or stood on the steps of the front entrance.

With the exception of his Third Year in Frederick, Father Brandi had been stationed in Woodstock, as student or Professor from 1875 to 1889. On that date he made his profession, the first of Woodstock's students admitted while Professor to that grade. Father Piccirelli had taken his last vows in February, 1874, but he was not a

student here, and was but little known outside his class and the Professors' Recreation Room. The event, all important to him, made but little commotion in the community. Father Brandi, however, was well known in the Community and to the public, among whom he had been doing good work for ten years. His last vows consequently, made more of a stir inside, and there was an echo abroad, too, spread by the necessary secular witnesses. Of course, he said grace at dinner, one prepared especially in his honor; he was nominally Superior for the day, though Father Racicot, as a strong collateralis, kept his hands on the reins of government. There were addresses and music and good feeling such as Father Brandi could arouse.

On February 3, 1890, a more impressive ceremony took place which is commemorated as follows in the Home News of the *The Letters*, (Vol xix, page 139): "Fathers Brett, Conway, O'Brien and Gardiner took their last vows on August 15, 1889. The decorations in the Refectory, the inter-prandial songs, poems and addresses conveyed the felicitations of the community. At the the reception given to these chosen Fathers in the evening in the Theologians' Hall, Reverend Father Rector in a short address expressed his warm congratulations. Father Conway, responding on behalf of his companions, thanked Father Rector, the Theologians, Philosophers, and Father Hedrick, the acting Minister, for the joy their efforts had added to the occasion."

The foregoing notices will suffice for similar occasions of family joys in the case of Fathers Macksey, Tierney, Lutz, Cahill, Coffey and Phillips, and the Golden Jubilee of Brothers Cassidy, Hill, Elkins and O'Kane. In each case, however, there was a note of difference according to the antecedents, occupations and taste of the different men. For example Brother Gaffney's Jubilee called forth a rehearsal of most of the popular Irish music, suggested, perhaps by intercepted notes quietly sung to potatoes and cabbages during the Brother's long hours in the vegetable garden.

One jubilee stands apart from all the others, the diamond Jubilee of Father Allen McDonell, which took place on Octoper 28, 1910. As confessor, patriarch of the house, as the most unassuming member of the community, as a militant descendant of the militant Highlander who gave up home to save his Faith, Father McDonell, attracted the attention and affection of the whole Scholastic body, while his humility and childlike faith and devotion won him the admiration of all. There was, therefore, a great outpouring of feeling on the Diamond Jubilee, nor was any one afraid that the affection and compliments would unduly elate or spoil the jubilarian.

As throughout the whole Province, so in Woodstock the Jubilee of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was commemorated with all the solemity that was possible in a private Chapel. All the sermons in the refectory bore on the subject. The feast was preceded by a Novena of more than usual impressiveness, and a special Academy on the dogma was held by the Theologians, in which every aspect of the question was treated. The whole proceeding was a genuine outpouring of faith and devotion to Our Lady.

Two other festive occasions deserve a record in the history of Woodstock's joys. The first is the restoration of the Society in the United States in 1805. Monthly Masses of thanksgiving were offered by the Superior of each house for the favor. The second commemorated the Centennial of the Restoration of the Society throughout the world. The following is the account as given in *The Letters*, (Vol. XLIII, page 439: "Shortly after the return from the Villa, Father Rector outlined the particular manner in which the community, in keeping with the wishes of Very Reverend Father General and Reverend Father Provincial, would celebrate in common the Centenary of the Restoration. In accordance with these instructions, the Triduum preceding the day of anniversary began with a Solemn High Mass of Requiem for all the deceased members of the Society. On Friday the seventh, a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered by Reverend Father Rector. At both of these exercises the entire community assisted and took part in the Gregorian

Chant, which became a very special feature of the Chapel services at Woodstock. On the day itself of the Centenary the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Domestic Chapel, and Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers spent hours in adoration. During the Triduum there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every evening, and at night appropriate points for the morning meditation were given to the community by the Spiritual Father. At the Solemn Benediction, Friday the seventh, the act of consecration of the whole Society to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was read by Reverend Father Rector. Owing to the absence of many of the Fathers of the Faculty, who during August were engaged in the summer work of retreats, the Literary Academy, which was a prospective part of the celebration, had to be deferred from August until after the beginning of schools. On the 27th of September, therefore, the feast of the Confirmation of the Society, this academy was presented by Philosophers and Theologians before the entire community. There was an English poem by Father T. B. Chetwood, and a Latin ode by Mr. A. Dimichino; Mr. G. D. Bull read a paper on the Birth, Growth and Suppression of the Society, and Mr. J. P. Meagher, an essay on "Pius VII and the Restoration." The program was concluded by another paper on "The Maryland-New York Province" by Father G. C. Treacy. The literary part of the academy was varied by the choral pieces of the Glee Club and by the instrumental selections of the orchestra. Mr. E. Swift sang "Arm, Arm, ye Brave" from Judas Maccabaeus."

By way of appendix to the various joyous celebrations there is one that elicited more enthusiasm than almost any other event in our history. Return from abroad on important missions had been marked by glad festivities in the case of Father Fulton from Ireland, Father Racicot from Rome and later by Father Maas twice from the same city, but Father Sabbetti's return in 1896 was unique too. Every member of the community had an acknowledged right to plague Father Sabetti because everybody liked him, and he must be teased or die. Well, he came within measurable distance of dying in 1895-6, but fortunately he missed the goal that time. He recovered

sufficiently to be able to travel, and he was sent to Rome and Italy by the Provincial Congregation held in Woodstock, 1896, to represent us at the Congregation of Procurators that year. He came back improved for a time, and even resumed his Moral Class. To the joy of the "Welcome Home" was added commemoration of his twenty-five years aa Professor at Woodstock. On the evening of November 1, 1896, Woodstock saw and heard a riot of gratitude, of love and admiration which found expression in prose and verse and in music, vocal and instrumental. The odes of Horace *parce detorta* were made to describe his faring forth and his welcome return, as well as his titles to fame. The family celebration was followed by a quasi octave on December 15, when Superiors near at hand accompanied by old pupils had their share. (See full account in *The Letters* Vol. XXVI, p. 26.)

CHAPTER XXII

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Quis est hic et Laudabimus eum?

The new Scholasticate attracted to itself from its origin every one of Ours who could find a valid reason far paying it a visit. Its situation between Baltimore and the Novitiate gave to many an apportunity which they could not otherwise enjoy. Of course, it would be out of place to note here all those whose visits are recorded in the diaries of the Scholasticate; still there are some of Ours whose pause at Woodstock in their flight to homes is interesting to note. The first of these is the Patriarch, Father John McElroy, the first subject to enter the Novitiate in Georgetown in 1806. He gave up a lucrative business to enter the Society, and he served the Fathers faithfully as a Coadjutor for ten years. In a letter to Father General, Father Anthony Kohlman praises his talent and efficiency as procurator of the college, and probably was instrumental in having him applied to study for two years in preparation for the Priesthood. The time was certainly short, but the fruit of his labors, particularly in Frederick and in Boston, was most abundant. He enjoyed the esteem of dignitries of the Church in his time, and personally was acquainted with every prelate in Baltimore from Archbishop Carroll to Cardinal Gibbons. What a pleasure it was to his devoted heart and to his darkening eyes to see a Scholasticate harboring students from all quarters in America, and from many in Europe, and giving them a training of seven years after High School or College courses! What would he not have done with such a training! He did not rapine, but blessed God for the larger opportunities for his great-grand-children in the Society. He did not witness the first Grand Act in Theology, but he heard of it with pride and Thanksgiving.

Another immortal who sought joy in beholding the

Scholasticate was Father de Smet. On one of his many trips between America and Belgium he called at Woodstock to see his successors in the Rocky Mountain Missions. He came on January 23, 1871, and left on the 25th. On the evening of the 24th he entertained the Philosophers with an account of his labors and adventures among his Indians. Few Jesuits have filled such a large place in the public eye as Father de Smet and they would hardly begrudge the distinction accorded him in the holiday granted the Scholastics in his honor.

Six months later on July 22, 1872, Father Vasseur, a missionary in China, followed Father de Smet, perhaps in the hope of enlisting some workers for his mission, called at Woodstock and gave a talk of two hours to the Community. He donned his foreign suit, and clad as if at home among his neophytes he gave an acconut of Chinese institutions, government, religion, customs, literature, with amusing experiences of his missionary life. There were present at this unique entertainment Doctors Williams and O'Donnell, the latter being called to Baltitimore in consultation over the case of Father Maldonado who was dying of cholera. Of less fame, but no less importance, were Father Lobo, a Visitor of the Cuban Missions, and Father Ponti late Superior of the California Missions. A generous donation of $2,000 for the embellishment of our grounds demanded some token of gratitude towards Father Lobo, and a holiday was granted in his honor. A large sum of money had been borrowed from the Cuban Fathers for the construction of Woodstock, and a transfer of the interest for a year to Woodstock's account was a simple matter of bookkeeping for Mr. Lancaster, the Procurator, and a means of beginning the much-needed improvements. Did Father Maldonado give a hint to his fellow-Castilian, or did Father Pantanella resort to his unequalled begging powers? The diaries do not say; but they do not record the holiday after the visit of April 29, 1872, the joy of the students and the gratitude of the faculty.

Visits of Ours must be taken for granted while record is made of the prominent men who honored us in early days. The first of these was Bishop Foley of Chicago. He had been consecrated Bishop of Pergamus on Febru-

ary 17, 1870, and was given the admistration of the diocese of Chicago during the disability of the actual encumbent. He was a prominent Priest in Baltimore and well known by the Fathers of Loyola College. Quite a number of these escorted the new Bishop to Woodstock on March 10, 1870. A reception was given him in the Theologians' Hall, of polyglot character with music as an antidote. English, Latin,, Greek, French and German in prose and verse, the latter predominating, were inflicted on him. One piece of music—Paul's advice to Timothy—shows that some of the entertainment was of a familiar character. Mr. O'Connor's "Chicagiensia", too, suggests a lighter vein. When a year and a half later he lost his residence, his cathedral and many of his churches by a conflagration, he recalled his cordial reception at Woodstock and on invitation he gladly took up his residence with our Fathers in Chicago, and practically made himself a member of the community. It was a pleasant retreat for him in the first stormy days of his admistraton.

On August 7, 1871, Right Reverend Ignatius Persico, Bishop of Savannah, a man of many sees, missions and commissions, came to Woodstock in company with a Redemptorist Father. He was a Neapolition by birth, a Capuchin by vocation, and a missionary in India before he reached his twenty-fourth year. The climate was too severe for his health, and so he returned to Italy to be nominated Bishop of Savannah in 1870. Georgia did not prove more favorable to his health than India. Accordingly he determined to resign his See and sail for Italy. The Neapolitan colony here attracted him and brought about a short visit. As the Scholastics were in retreat, there was no such ovation as Bishop Foley received. Probably he was all the better pleased, as he could indulge longer in Italian conversation with the Professors. That would be ample compensation for the loss of an address in German and Greek. Bishop Persico was later employed on a mission to Ireland and to Canada, and was elevated to the Cardinalate before his death, which occurred in 1896.

Archbishop Spalding was absent in Rome when the Scholasticate was opened, and he remained in Europe for

a considerable time after the close of the Vatican Council. Age, infirmity, multiplicity of urgent duties after a long absence delayed his first and only visit to Woodstock until November 8, 1871. He was conducted to the house by Father Provincial accompanied by Father Kelly, Rector of Loyola, and by Father Andreis, an Italian priest in Baltimore. The grounds were as yet in much of their primitive ungainliness, but the house was the most imposing structure in the Archdiocese at that date. As was usual in the early days, the Prelate was met at the front door by the whole body of Faculty and Students who knelt to receive his blessing. From 7.00 to 8.45 p. m. he was entertained in the refectory with music and song. In a neat reply to the greetings extended to him he thanked all cordially and expressed his admiration for the new educational institution that adorned his See. He was profoundly interested in education and expected great results for the country at large from our House of Studies. He proclaimed a holiday on the eleventh, his patronal feast, and asked for prayers for himself through the intercession of St. Martin. He got the prayers, and Holy Communion was offered for him by the Scholastics. He did not long survive his visit, being called to his reward February 7, 1872. He was said to have submitted, to Father Cicaterri for revision, his great speech on Papal Infallibility. If so, his Latinity was a fitting garb for his orthodoxy. He was a great admirer of Father O'Callaghan, the late Master of Novices, and the actual incumbent, Father Ciccaterri. To each one of the Novices, he presented a medal from the Council blessed by Pius the Ninth.

A distinguished convert from the Anglican ministry, Mr. Alfred Curtis, came to see the new Seminary in company with Father William Francis Clarke of Loyola College, Baltimore on July 2, 1872. He deserves a place here though he was not yet a Prelate or a Priest. Soon afterwards he entered St. Mary's Seminary, was ordained, made Secretary to the Archbishop, and appointed Bishop of Wilmington in 1886. After ten years he resigned his See came back to Baltimore, was made Vicar General and Assistant to the Cardinal. He was as simple and un-

assuming as he was studious and pious, and always showed himself devoted to the Society.

On December 10, 1873, the new Archbishop of Baltimore, James Roosevelt Bayley, paid his first visit to Woodstock, and was received with all reverence at the entrance by the Community. As visits of dignitaries multiplied this first greeting at the door seems to have fallen into disuse. The new ruler of the diocese came on other occasions for Ordination and Confirmation, and was always cordial, though he never became acclimated in Maryland. His early activities were exercised in the more strenuous atmosphere of New York and Newark. He did not live long enough to impress his personality on his new diocese, and was not ambitious to do so. The cautious thrift of Baltimore was displeasing to him, and to save expense, he wished to be buried beside his Aunt, Mother Seton, at Emittsburg, rather than in a vault of his Cathedral. His quick nervous action and pronunciation caused anxiety in the minds of the scrupulous ordinandi.

The lame Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah, afterwards the first Bishop of Denver, the Right Reverend James P. Macheboeuf, was introduced to the community on June 8, 1876, by the then Bishop of Richmond, Cardinal Gibbons. He was attracted by the presence here of his fellow missionary Bishop, Father Miège. During his all too short stay he was a very welcome addition to our recreations. His fertile imagination, rich vocabulary and wide experience furnished no end of pious and inspiring entertainment. He had a kind of roving commission under Bishop Lamy from the banks of the Rio Grande over Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, bringing spiritual aid to the few scattered Catholic families in that vast region, and offering his ministrations to minors, cow-boys, gamblers and the froth of border settlements, if they would listen to him. After 1868 he was anchored in the territories of Colorada and Utah still left him room enough to swing around a wide circle 200,000 square miles. He and Bishop Miège were accountable for the status of the Church between Texas and Nebraska, the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

His adventures and escapes were innumerable. One of his subjects lamed him for life.

Another visitor from the wilds honored us about the same time in the person of Bishop O'Connell of Grass Valley, California. He, too, was full of anecdotes conected with the argonauts who left gold minning for agriculture and for pasturage more precious than the claims of the early miners in the land of gold. How small our little world was, and how tame, contrasted with the wide field of these pioneers.

A distinguished body of dignitaries brought even more distinguished visitors to the College on February 13, 1878. The Archbishop of Baltimore with three old friends, Bishops Becker, Gross and Moore, the Provincial of the Redemptorists and a large number of Priests were on as escort to His Excellency, Doctor Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. After the conclusion of his important work in the Dominion, he was making a short tour of the Eastern States before his return to Ireland. While in Baltimore he concluded to run out to our Scholasticate to see the rising Seminary. He was received with all the respect and consideration due to high office as well as to his personal merits and learning. There was, of course, the usual musical and literary entertainment in the Library, and a display of all that Woodstock could show in Science and Art. He was well pleased with what he saw, and came back a few days later to make his annual retreat. He was present at public disputations in Philosophy and Theology and a specimen in Chemistry. Of course, he expressed himself as highly pleased, and he must have meant it, for Woodstock by this time was a place of hard study on the part of students, as well as of deep thinking and clear lecturing on the side of professorial staff.

In the late fall of 1880 Reverend Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South, came to Baltimore to spend the Winter. He passed most of the time, when in the city, at Loyola College. He lectured and preached, wrote poetry and entertained the Community. To found a medal for the class of Poetry, so named at that time, he gave a public reading of some of his favorite poems. An

admission fee was charged which secured the foundation of the Abram J. Ryan Medal for Loyola College. In the dead Winter he paid a visit to Woodstock, where many were eager to see and hear him. They could do both to to their hearts' content at the entertainment prepared for him. A poet in the community read a poem in his honor, more cordial than poetic, and later in the evening asked the guest to read and criticize a collection of poems which he had finished and wished to publish. He never got the collection back, whether due to faulty memory or to the natural lack of order in an artist, or from a hint dropped by a professor that the stove would be a better place. Probably the manuscript went into the stove to increase the heat, as that was the coldest night in the history of Woodstock. The minimum thermometer registered twenty-four degrees below zero. Yet the guest could not complain of a cold reception, and showed in his own original words how he appreciated the honor done him. The intolerable cold must have been a severe trial for an old man from Biloxi on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Daniel C. Gilman, first President of the John Hopkins University, had learned to know our Fathers in California, and to appreciate their educational work at Santa Clara. When called upon to establish the new centre of learning in Baltimore in 1876, he showed himself very cordial to Ours, had tickets for the public lectures sent regularly to Loyola, met Father McGurk and a few Scholastics in his office, and showed them to seats regularly reserved for them. To one at least of the Professors he expressed the hope that nothing would be said to which we might have reasons to object. In conversation about our studies and training at Woodstock he expressed a desire, or accepted an invitation, to pay a visit to our Scholasticate. The occasion of a public disputation was seized, and in a company with Father McGurk he sat out the whole ordeal. He was much impressed by the fluency in Latin displayed by Professors and students, and the apparent thorough understanding of the matter. He could not grasp the matter, but he knew that the disputants were familiar with what they discussed. He had but

little sympathy with such medieval phases of learning, at his bent was altogather towards "the sciences." He was, however, very much impressed by the amount of time given to science by us, and the fair showing made by our physical and chemical collections. He thought there was no Protestant institution in the country that put its students for the ministry through such a course, and spoke admiringly of his visit to Woodstock to some of his Professors. He was followed later by the Dean of the Classical Course on a tour of inspection.

Among all the visitors to Woodstock there was none who came oftener, or was more welcome or made himself more at home than Cardinal Gibbons. His first visit took place in 1872, when he was yet Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. As the See of Baltimore was vacant since February, he was asked to come to ordain in June, the second class of Candidates for Holy Orders. He arrived on June 26th, and was received by the community at the door. On the 27th, 28th and 29th he conferred Major Orders and took his departure. He came for ordination in 1874, and again, as has been said, to introduce Bishop Macheboeuf in 1876, and after he had been installed Archbishop of Baltimore he responded to the invitation extended to him as head of the diocese. Thereafter every year as long as he was in the country, not away on offiicial business, he was on hand to confer Holy Orders. There was but one exception when Archbiseop Farley came in 1909 to ordain his nephew, Father Farley and with him all his class-mates.

His long life gave Cardinal Gibbons occasion to celebrate many Jubilees, silver and golden, two of his Priesthood, two of his Episcopate, one of his Cardinalate, and Woodstock had its share in these, besides celebrating other events in his life, as when he returned in 1884 with authority to preside at the coming Council as Delegate. But there is one reception that stands out more prominently than all the others, that of August 25, 1886. It was the first visit, and first ordination as a Cardinal, made by Archbishop of Baltimore, and preparations were made to display the feeling of the Community and their joy at the honor bestowed on the simple Metropolitan.

Father Piccirillo, Prefect of Studies, had been quietly making his preparations during the annual retreat, conducted by Father Fulton, the Provincial, and brought to close on the morning of tbe great guest's arrival.

"He was met at the depot by Father Provincial, Father Rector and other Fathers of the College faculty, while the Scholastics bearing torches awaited his arrival on the bridge which spans the Patapsco. When the Cardinal reached the bridge, rockets were fired from both sides of the structure, giving momentarily a fairy-like illumination to the river and woods. The choir then sang a four-part chorus, Clari's Cantata; then the procession moved slowly up the new wooden path, which was gracefully outlined by Chinese lanterns. On reaching the summit of the hill the Cardinal was conducted to a pavilion, situated on the broad lawn that fronts the College, while around were seated the Scholastics and Fathers. The lawn was a coronal of light, within the circle of which blazed pyramidal masses of light in cardinal colors and symbols. Rockets, Bengal lights and brilliant red balloons put the sky in keeping with the earth. The college windows were illumined and the mellowness of the light against the gray granite, gave a delightful contrast to the cardinal hues that prevailed on the lawn. When the Cardinal was seated (beneath the elm tree on the lawn) the following program was presented:

Fest March, (Michaelis). Orchestra; Address of Welcome, Fr. Piccirrillo; Ordination Mr. Connell; Pastor, Mr. Mulry Vicar Apostolic; Mr. McNamara; Exultemus (Clari) Choir and Orchestra; Bishop, Mr. R. O'Connell; Archbishop, Mr. P. Walsh; Apostolic Delegate, Mr. J. H. Smith; Cardinal, Mr. Fagan. Finale, Orchestra.

The reply of his Eminence to all these expressions of good-will and affection was in kind. He was grateful from his heart for the princely reception that had been tendered him—a reception, indeed, which he had been led to look for; but which far surpassed his expectations in its scale of magnificence. But it was not so mnch to this outward splender that he looked, as, to quote Father Piccirillo's beautiful words, to the smiles of greeting and welcome and love which beamed toward him on all sides.

It was indeed a happiness for him to come among the sons of Loyola." (*The Letters*, Vol. XV. p. 348.)

The Golden Jubilee of the Consecration as Bishop was due in 1918, but was not celebrated in Woodstock until its combination with the Golden Jubilee of the College. He was present on the evening of November 17th, 1919, devoted to him as Patron, and on the 18th for the disputations and the commemoration of Woodstock's beginnings.

On a more modest scale than that extended to Cardinal Gibbons in 1886 were receptions tendered to the various Apostolic Delegates who visited Woodstock on invitations or to confer Holy Orders, as each of them did in turn. Loyalty to the Holy See, if no other sentiment prevailed, would secure its American representative a warm welcome from the faculty and students. But, apart from his official position, the individual merits of each claimed from Ours an expression of thanks for his interest and good will. Archbishop Satolli was interested in our studies, and curious to witness a disputation beyond the ocean; Martinelli was interested more in the religious community; Falconio did not know much about Jesuits and wanted to study them in their great home and exhort them to aspire to be good Superiors; while the gentle Bonzano wished to escape official litigations and draw a refreshing breath in an atmosphere of peace, discipline, learning and whole-hearted loyalty.

Many, if not most, of our prominent visitors and dignitaries came to Woodstock for the public disputations and Grand Acts, and it will be more convenient and less tiresome to mention them in connection with these functions. There are, however, a few who came at other times and for completeness and in the interest of history, it may be well to jot them down here.

On April 27, 1913, Father Rockliffe of the Japanese Mission paid a visit, not his first, and gave the Scholastics a talk on Japan and the efforts and prospects of Ours in the difficult field of his labors. The letters of Saint Francis Xavier and the sketches of Father Rockliffe seemed to refer to a different country; for a great Revolution had taken place in the far East. There was no

Taico Sama to persecute, but there was materialism, pride and corruption to cast a dark shadow over the Japan of 1850.

Mr. David Goldstein, a convert from Judaism and from Socialism, gave the community one of his effective talks on the great menace to religion and civilization, the menace of Socialism. He is a master of his subject and strives to the best of his powers, by pen and voice, to rouse the country to a realization of the danger it runs from the doctrines of Marx now running their riotous course in Russia.

Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in his tour of the United States at the beginning of the Great War, turned aside to visit the Scholasticate and give a lecture, February 22, 1915, on Socialism and the Servile State. In matter he may be inferior to the ex-Socialist, Goldstein; but in manner he surpasses him as the university student surpasses the self-taught scholar.

CHAPTER XXIII

DISPUTATIONS

"And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew".

Repetitions and disputations are the key to Jesuit efficiency in education, and so it might be expected that they would find a prominent place in the curriculum of the new Scholasticate. As far as possible, there was to be a repetition of every lecture in Philosophy, Dogma and Moral. The propositions so explained and repeated were put up for discussion in a circle once or twice a week according to the opportunity, and the principal theses so discussed were subject to new scrutiny on Saturday, unless holidays intervened. Finally, three times a year, in fall, in winter and in spring, there was a public defense of the chief points of the treatise so far explained. The defender outlined the matter under discussion and proved its position. He had to meet objections not only from the designated opponent but from any of the Professors or from any one present. It is not surprising that, as one wag said, he was apt to feel lonesome when he found himself pitted against the house. However, he would not be chosen to defend unless the Professor was convinced that he could give a good account of himself and maintain his position.

Besides the Faculty and Scholastics, the Provincial of Maryland managed to be present at the three public disputations; the Provincial of Missouri always, and frequently the Superior of New York and Canada Mission, came to the spring disputation. Other Fathers, too, accompanied them at times. For five years this remorseless Mantellini grind had gone, and every one now accustomed to the private ordeal of warding off private attacks against truth, philosophical and theological, and many too had faced adversaries in presence of Faculty and Superiors. Could some, as in Europe, boldly face

Professors of their institutions as well as the public in general? It required, first of all thorough knowledge of the matter. It required nerve, or better, the absence of nerves, in presence of strangers—perfect self-possessi.on

Knowledge of the matter was certainly possessed by several of the ten who composed the Fourth Year of Theology. Any one of a half a dozen could be relied on to do credit to himself and the Professors, if the dispute took place in private; but not many would care to defend in public all the theses seen in the course of seven years. It would entail much labor that was unnecessary for a successful examination *ad gradum*, and most of the men had had as much of that labor as they ambitioned. One there was who certainly knew the matter, one who had the nerve (or no nerves, as you prefer) and who desired nothing better than a deeper delving into Scholastic discussions, Father Rudolph Meyer of Missouri. He got the invitation aud accepted it to give the Grand Act at the end of his course. With Germans thoroughness and perseverance he prepared himself from the beginning of the school-year to meet the test at the end. He worked hard and persistently, but kept himself in good trim by air and exercise, and by forgetting books and examination except when actually engaged in study. He forgot all work at nine in the evening to resume it, refreshed, at eight in the morning.

He was ready for the trial by the middle of June, but had to submit to a preliminary test *ad gradum* on the seventeenth. Four of the professors for two hours harried him as if there were to be no tilt on the morrow between him and any chance comer. Perhaps it was to accustom him to the presence of a crowd that members of the commnnity were admitted to the examination. He acquitted himself so well that no fears were entertained about the morrow. His board consisted of Father Mazzella, De Augustinis, Pantanella and Piccirillo, and he admitted that he was much more concerned about his examination by Ours than about his tussle with the invited athletes.

The Grand Act was such a novelty in America, a defense of all the Philosophy and Theology against all comers (some specially invited to object, and every one

free to put any difficulty he chose) that a large assembly, was on hand. Archbishop Bayley presided, and by him sat Bishop Gibbons of Richmond, who had to perform the ordinations this year, and Bishop O'Hara, who had ordained the year before, and Bishop Becker, who ordained in 1870. Of course there were present Fathers Keller and O'Neill, Provincials, Fathers Ward and Healy, Rectors, and Fathers Arda, William Clarke, Cleary, Sheerin, Strong, and Ryan, with the members of the Faculty, all as anxious for the success of the tournament as the champion himself. There were Dominicans, Redemptorists and Sulpicians and the Josephite Provincial, Father Noonan, three years later a Jesuit Novice. Among the Secular Priests there were Father Daugherty, V. G. of Baltimore, Dr. Foley, later Bishop of Detroit, Kane, Boyle, McAvoy, O'Connor, Ryan and many others making sixty-two guests in all.

(To be concluded).

THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF FATHER McDONOUGH IN ZAMBOANGA, P. I.
HE LONGED FOR A BLOODY MARTYRDOM, AND HERE HE FOUND A BLOODLESS ONE. THE MAN WHO IS POINTING AT HIS TOMB IS FATHER JOHN J. MONAHAN, WHO HAS DIED SINCE THEN, IN THE PRIME OF LIFE, A MARTYR TO HIS ZEAL

III.

This letter of October 26, 1914, is of more than usual interest, as it contains the first reference to what was to be the absorbing work of the remaining six years of Father McDonough's life, "The Moro Catechism." As has been noted in the words of Archbishop O'Doherty, "His conversation was always full of schemes for the conversion of the Moros." "His heart always yearned to convert the thousands of Moros who inhabit these Islands. That he could not talk the Moro language when he began the Catechism did not daunt him," writes the Archbishop. "He set about translating the Christian Doctrine into the Moro dialect, using Arabic characters in the writing so as to make it more attractive to the Moros. Then another difficulty loomed up. Very, very few of the Moros know how to read their own writing. Then Father McDonough wrote out all the Moro Catechism phonetically in Roman characters, so that any Filipino, even those who did not know the Moro dialect, could read the words aloud to a group of Moro listeners. It was a gigantic work, a Malay language written in Moro characters, and a language in which there do not exist such concepts as Immaculate Conception, Blessed Trinity, Virginity, etc.: and besides he had no books to consult."

Such was the Archbishop's idea of the task that Father McDonough's zeal imposed upon him, and in which he heroically persevered until death. It looks as if the devil would nip the glorious project in the bud by the murder of his chief assistant in the translation described in the foregoing letter, but his next letter tells of help received for his Catechism which he considered heaven-sent.

This letter was written nearly two years later. Two long years in which, as he pathetically writes, "In a true sense I am alone in my Sulu Archipelago." Hard it is to leave one's country, harder still to leave one's friends and the people of that country in which the greater part of one's life has been spent; but Father McDonough was alone in his islands of the ocean, with the heathen Chinaman and the treacherous Moro as his sole companions. Even the American troops had been removed by this time, and only a few times a year can he steal a day or so for converse with his Spanish brothers in Zamboanga. He speaks of serious dangers that he has escaped, but

mentions no details. But Army officers who knew him tell how he went fearlessly in his long cassock, with cane in hand, into places where, soldiers as they were, they would not dare to go unarmed. Evidently the savage Moros respected and revered this tall, thin, white-haired man of kindly bearing and of kindly face, whom they had seen moving among them these six or seven years. He was in his 58th year, and a tropical sun, indifferent food, hardships on land and on sea had added to the toll of the years. But it was not the mere loneliness of the man that he thought of, it was the loneliness of the missionary, who saw a field white for harvest, and laborers not even a few—but only one.

If he could not have fellow-laborers, at least there was the Catechism which was going to be his fellow-missionary, which, when put into the hands of zealous Filipino Christians, would make each of them a missionary to convert his dear Moros. There were obstacles a-plenty, but prayer would conquer them all.

September 9, 1916.

Many times I fixed a date for an answer to your letter, which reached me just before Christmas. Fixing the date was of no avail. I wonder whether anyone not in a position like mine realizes the conditions here. This is a wonderful place for opportunities offered to save souls. At times I am astonished at the number of these opportunities, and more astonished at the nature of them. If you remember anything of the days when you witnessed a game of baseball, you will understand when I say that these oppportunities must be caught "on the fly." They don't bound and give you a second chance. People are continually coming and going, and often the "going" means departure to a place where there are no Sacraments, but all kinds of dangers. You must act quickly, if you would do anything for these souls. If you miss the time appointed to instruct them or to administer the Sacraments, you have probably thrown away your only opportunity, for very likely you will never see them again. Our Lord made His apostles fishers of men. The successful fisherman studies the habits of the fish and acts accordingly. The fish are not concerned about the convenience of the fisherman. To be successful in apostolic work among people such as those here, one must be a servant to all, at least to the extent of consulting not his own but their convenience. This long preamble is to introduce the simple statement that I must do the work at hand as our Lord sends it, and await a time—that He also sends—to write letters. I am very

grateful for the prayers you offer for me. I need your prayers for myself and my work. I have passed safely through many serious dangers out here, and that I am alive and well to-day, I attribute to the prayers that have been offered for my welfare.

I need many great graces, graces too for the spiritual life. You know that, in a very true sense, I am alone in my Sulu Archipelago.

I am especially gratified that you pray for the successful completion of the Moro Catechism. Though it is going to be a small book, it involves probably as many difficulties of various kinds as it contains words. In connection with the work on the Catechism, let me tell you of what seemed to me a strange occurrence. Lately, I received from Spain a letter from a man unknown to me. It was written in poor Spanish, and the chirography was like my own. As far as I could decipher the letter, the writer was born a Moro in Jolo, is uneducated, but a convert, pious and zealous, who went away with the Spaniards when they left the Philippines. Inclosed in the letter was a scrap of paper with words worse written than the letter. Now here comes what seemed to me wonderful. I had been seeking in vain for Moro equivalents for several words and expressions that I had to translate. Behold on this scribbled paper from an unknown writer in Spain there was a list of Moro words sent to help the missionary in his instructions, and among these words I found some that I had been hunting for most especially. The revelation seemed heaven-sent. Perhaps it was—through prayer. If so, it was meant to assist, not to do the whole work for me, for I find great difficulty in making out the Moro spelling. Probably our Lord wished to give me some encouragement, but He requires on my part what at least I can give Him, labor.

A short time ago a Dominican Father was with me for a week or so. He had been eighteen years in China doing missionary work there. In the report of the diocese of Zamboanga, Our Holy Father the Pope saw that there are a great many Chinese in this diocese. He arranged to have the Dominican father sent to Zamboanga. There the Chinese missionary makes his headquarters, and from that place makes journeys to the various localities where the Chinese are numerous. His first visit to Jolo was to look over the ground. He found the Chinese in a deplorable state from a religious point of view; still there is much to hope for them. I brought the Father to the Chinese quarter. He was soon surrounded by a crowd of interested Chinamen, delighted to hear a

white man speaking their own language. Afterwards he was waited on by the leading Chinese of Jolo and invited to address them. He did so several times at their various clubs. I urged him to teach Christianity at once. But he knows his own business better than I do. He wishes to give them first a series of talks on the nature and necessity of religion. You can judge from this how spiritually destitute these poor people are. The Father wishes also to distribute catechisms and various pamphlets, and these have not yet arrived from China. When they do come, he will visit Jolo again. As he was to be here a considerable time, we arranged that I should go to Zamboanga and make the annual retreat, while he took charge at Jolo. Of course, he was free to go whenever he chose, and in fact he did not await my return.

To come back to the Moro Catechism. You see that Catechism is on my mind, and I wish you to know how much I desire you to pray that it may be finished. The Chinese from different parts of China use dialects so different one from another as almost to be different languages. But the Chinese are a thrifty race, and the business language of Jolo is naturally Moro. Most of them are unable to read Moro, but they understand when someone else reads it to them. The Catechism is to be printed in two sets of characters; Moro characters on one page, and on the opposite page the Moro words will appear in Spanish characters. Thus anyone who can read either set of characters can make known in Moro the Catholic doctrine. Hence a zealous Filipino can communicate the knowledge of the Faith to Chinese. So keep on praying for the success of the Catechism till you see a copy of it. Another object for your prayers is one of my parishioners at Jolo, a girl of eighteen. Her father, now dead, was a white man. Her mother is a Moro, strongly Mohammedan. The girl is a fervent convert and, I think, desires to become a religious, preferably in a contemplative order.

You will be glad to know that in some of my districts, especially in one of them, there is a marked inclination among the Mohammedans towards Christianity. The harvest is indeed ripe, but the laborers are still so few.

Governor Walsh of Massachusetts came to the Islands lately and, though his stay was only for a month or so, he made a remarkably favorable impression among all classes in Manila. He is a staunch Catholic, and that fact he made evident. He was a pupil of mine at Holy Cross, and I am proud of him.

Please give my thanks to your community for their

charitable remembrance. I ask them to pray for me and for the success of the work Our Lord has entrusted to me.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Wm. M. McDonough, S. J.

P. S. I hope you have not been obliged to call in an oculist before you could get through this volume.

Another year passes and there is another letter. He had written that he was alone in the Sulu-Archipelago, but the Master whom he serves will detach him still more from affections of earth. The last remaining members of his family die, and the first attacks of serious illness seem to him a warning that he is soon to be united with them.

There are wearying journeys from island to island of the Sulu Sea, a couple of Filipinos sailing the frail boat in which the trips are made. The food is poor and meagre, and there is not even a bed for rest after a long trip under a tropical sun. It is not surprising that he writes: "I have had several attacks of fever owing in part at least to my journey, and am threatened with a general breakdown." Superiors suggest that he go to the mountains in Luzon to recuperate. But he will wait until he has his Catechism revised. In the rest at Baguio offered him by Superiors, he can see only a splendid opportunity to do some more work on his Catechism.

October 22, 1917

Since I wrote you last both of my brothers have died. Please remember them in your prayers. The elder, though he was twelve years older than I am, was remarkably vigorous and active, and to all appearances was in the best of health when he retired one night while on a business trip. The next morning he was found dead in bed. All the circumstances, especially the calm and peaceful expression, were judged to indicate that he had passed in sleep to a happy eternity. The second brother had ample warning in a long illness. I am now the only survivor of the family in my generation, and in hope look forward to a happy reunion.

I have been journeying more than usual this year to my various missions and to the principal islands of the several hundreds of them that are under my care. In many of these islands, even with large populations there is not one Christian. On the feast of the Sacred Heart I happened to be on the Island of Satongkay a few miles off the coast of Borneo. I had been told there were two Christians there, but I found they had left the place. I asked a

Chinaman if I could say Mass in his house; he refused. Of course, it would be worse than foolish to attempt to say Mass in a house of any of the Moros. Perhaps it was my guardian angel—in any case I remembered I had been told that there was schoolhouse under construction on the opposite side of the Island. My two faithful Filipino sailors who had rowed me to Satongkay crossed over the island with me, the distance was only about half a mile. We easily found the half-completed building. It was the only building of any kind on that side of the Island. There we had Mass—perhaps the only Mass that ever has been said on Satongkay.

Years ago when I first made missionary trips, the American officials were very careful that I should always have a military guard. Since that time there has been a great change for the better. There is not the same danger now as there was then. On this occasion one of the Constabulary had come with me to the island on business of his own, for the post of Satonkay is populous and important. The one thing necessary in the material line in trips like this is to bring along a demijohn of water. For this one time in my life I had neglected to do so, and so had the constabulary officer. There was no drinking water on Satongkay—fortunately perhaps, for it would probably be made up largely of disease germs. But the constabulary officer was equal to the occasion. He visited a Chinese store-keeper, the one who would not allow me to say Mass in his house, and there found what was sought—bottled "ginger pop."

On another island, some forty miles distant, there are about sixty Christians. After many great difficulties we have succeeded in building a little stone church. The place is the centre for the gathering of many thousands of Moros in the course of the year. That is where the "Boston Bell," the gift of Boston's Propagation of the Faith Society, rings out its Christian message to the Mohammedans. The natives take great interest in the bell, it is the only one they have ever heard. You know it was one of Mohammed's notions not to use bells. Instead, the natives use what is generally called a "tom-tom"; the natives themselves call it "Agong". It is a sort of gong, and the largest of the kind can be heard miles away. It is used for signaling or for assembling the people, for example, to battle; or it was used, as I remember well, in a five-day battle that took place near Jolo a few years ago. Many of the Moros come to the Church at Mass-time, apparently through curiosity. Some come in just inside the doorway. They reminded me of

some of our men in America. Of course, I used the finest-looking vestments I had; the altar was well lighted and adorned with flowers.

I am unable to give you anything like an adequate idea of the pitiable condition of most of the people on my hundreds of islands, especially the sad state of the women through polygamy and divorce. But you know sufficiently of the circumstances to beg our Divine Saviour that these souls may be brought into the light of salvation. Perhaps it is owing in part at least to my journeys that I have had several attacks of fever this year and am threatened with a general breakdown. The Superior has decided to send me for a while to Baguio. This is a mountain district in one of the largest and one of the most northern islands of the Philippines. You can judge of the climate from the fact that Baguio is a region of pine trees. The Society has one of its great observatories there. I expect to live in the Observatory. During my stay there I hope to finish the Moro Catechism, for the completion of which we have been praying. It is necessary that a revision of the Catechism should be made by an expert in the Moro language. I have been waiting and praying almost a year for the "right man." Finally he has decided to make the revision, but secretly. I am delaying my trip to Baguio till he shall have finished. I depend on him mainly for the spelling of many words. When he has done his part, I shall have to go over the whole of it, and also make a translation that can be used by Filipinos in teaching Moros. Then the work must be submitted to my "theological" expert. You remember I asked you to pray for a young girl in deciding her vocation. She is a convert from Mohammedanism, and is now attending one of the excellent convent schools in Manila. She is well instructed in the faith and will be able, I think, to detect any wrong statement that may be made by my Mohammedan expert in Moro. This is why she is my "theological" expert. The poor girl was summoned lately to Jolo to her mother, who was dying. The woman died before her daughter completed the long journey. The mother was a staunch Mohammedan. No doubt she had learned some things about Christianity from her zealous child, and possibly at the last moment, so great is God's mercy and grace, was converted. She was buried as a Mohammedan. The delusion of the Mohammedans seems sincere and therefore pathetic. In Jolo the grave extends almost north and south. The west side of the grave is curved, the east side, as with us, is straight, except that several feet below the surface of

the earth a place is hollowed out sufficiently large for the corpse. No coffin is used. The body is wrapped in white cloth and lies not on the back but on the side with the face directed towards Mecca. Mecca is supposed to be slightly north of west from Jolo.

I must give you one piece of news about our diocese—or perhaps it is not news. Our former Bishop, the first of Zamboanga, was appointed Archbishop of Manila. His successor here is Bishop McCloskey. This is the third time the new Bishop has come to the Philippines. He came first to Vigan, in Luzon, to assist the Bishop of that see (now Cardinal Dougherty); the second time, he was made Vicar-General of Jaro; in these days Jolo belonged to the diocese of Jaro. He returned to America with the Bishop of Jaro (Cardinal Dougherty) who is now Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y. As the new Bishop was formerly Vicar-General of all this region, he comes back to old friends. I was ordered by the Superior to attend the installation at Zamboanga. The voyage between that place and Jolo is supposed to take about ten hours. I started in good time, but, such is our transportation, it was twenty hours before I reached my destination, not in time for the installation and just in time to begin Mass by noon, and so I had the privilege of making at Mass the first "memento" that the new Bishop received. The Apostolic Delegate was there, also the Archbishop of Manila and the Bishop of Lipa, a Filipino.....Please continue to pray for the success of the Filipino Catechism.

Wm. M. McDonough, S. J.

More than a year later comes another letter written in Manila. The fevers have gone, but seem to have been succeeded by other bodily ills. Convalescing though he is, he gives two retreats to religious communities. He accompanies the Superior of the Mission to Vigan. And here we may remark that note of hope and cheerfulness in his character which enabled him to go bravely forward in his Sulu apostolate in the face of obstacles that would overwhelm and render inactive many another. Amid the desolation he witnessed in the province of Ilocos, vacant parish houses and ruined churches; godless education and well-moneyed proselyters, he can see something of comfort; at least there will be a large remnant of holy souls, and what the Church will lose in one place, it will gain more abundantly in another. This optimistic spirit carries him cheerfully along over roads that were literally and figuratively rough, tangled and interminable; and so if he cannot convert his hundreds of thousands of Moros, he will journey far over a tropic sea to minister

to two poor Christians on a distant island. Disappointed here, he will move on in search of other souls, content to offer up the great sacrifice of propitiation for those whom he longs to bring to the knowledge of God.

The Catechism is the great means to bring this about. Its completion is his pervading thought, his abiding prayer. Now that the hand of sickness was pressing heavily upon him, perhaps he realized the literal truth of the words of his correspondent: "You will never rest when I tell you I was under pressure to finish the Cate- until your Catechism is finished"; and those other words of his Superior, "That Catechism will be the death of you yet."

Manila Observatory, November 11, 1918.

I seem to be guilty of a specially odious form of ingratitude. You offered fervent prayers for my recovery, and I feel indeed most grateful for them; and then when I became able to write and thank you, why, I worked on my Catechism instead. But maybe you will forgive me chism. Besides, I said to myself, the special prayer offered by the priest at Mass for a benefactor is better than any letter I could write. You were very discerning when you remarked that I shall not rest till my Catechism is finished. My local Superior in Zamboanga once said to me: "that Catechism will be the death of you yet." He spoke not without reason, but he did not know of the prayers that were offered. After the fierce attack of fever in Sulu, I was ordered here for recuperation, and in case that end were attained, I was to give some retreats. The fevers disappeared—this climate seems good for that —but it furnishes an abundance of evil substitutes, at least I have found it so. I gave the retreat to the Benedictine Sisters. That is the first I have given in many years. Later I gave the retreat to the Christian Brothers at their summer house in Baguio. I called on the Sisters of the Assumption on some feast day of theirs, and one of the Sisters lent me the Life of the Little Flower. It is one of the most remarkable books I have read. Of course, I had heard and read a good deal of Soeur Therese; but the "Life," I think, is unique, especially the first section written when the author thought that her work was not for publication. We know a great deal about the external works and even the thoughts of many Saints, but here is the autobiography of the soul.

Beware! I am coming back to my inevitable Catechism. Some months' work on it is still ahead of me, and there are many knotty problems to solve in regard to the dif-

ficult Moro language. I am asking The Little Flower to obtain for me a correct final text.

I rather envy the priest who has a chance of going into the Army. I did a good deal of work among soldiers when my Sulu Archipelago was under military control, and work among them, now especially, would be fruitful. A general wrote and said he would like to have me as chaplain for his brigade. But to my enquiries made in ecclesiastical quarters comes politely the response that there is a supply of younger men; that means that I am "no good," and I suppose that is true. And yet, though not altogether well, I am much improved in health; I have escaped very serious danger in that line. What I need now most is spiritual strength.

Some months ago I accompanied Father Superior on his visit to our college in Vigan, in one of the northern provinces. I suppose that the principal reason why Father Superior took me along was to see Fr. Thompkins. The latter is the only other American Jesuit in the Islands. He and I were formerly stationed together in Georgetown. He is now doing a tremendous amount of work in the Vigan district. I went with him on several of his missions; it was sad to see Churches and priests' residences in ruins; and sadder still to know there is not a sufficient number of priests to guard the flock of Christ from the packs of heretical wolves. To Fr. Thompkins the outlook for the Church is gloomy. All might still be well if the people could be brought to realize the necessity of Catholic education. The effects of education without the true religion are already painfully evident. The majority of Filipinos will never take to Protestantism. But though many fall away, there will be, I think, a large remnant of holy ones. And in other parts of Asia, the Church is advancing rapidly. The number of the elect will be made up to the full. But we of America have responsibilities in regard to the Philippines; so pray for these poor people here.

I have sympathy for you when I look at these pages. How can anyone but the writer make them out? I am told I write well in Arabic Characters. If so, it is a pity I cannot use them always.

Please pray for
Yours in Christ,
Wm. M. McDonough, S. J.

What facility Father McDonough possessed in the Moro language cannot be learned from his letters. He was never one to speak of his own accomplishments. He

writes disparagingly of his knowledge of Spanish, yet Archbishop O'Doherty, a competent judge, states that Father McDonough "preached every Sunday in English and Spanish, which he learned very well." Continuing, the Archbishop says: "He was learning Moro slowly. He was a parish priest, and all his work with his parishioners was in Spanish. But he had very little opportunity of learning Moro from the people, and he made good use of the short hours of study that remained to him after completing his pastoral duties." Father McDonough was always a scholarly man and a serious student. As the Archbishop left Zamboanga about three and a half years before Father McDonough's death, it seems, to say the least, highly probable that during that period he acquired facility in speaking and in writing the language. Certainly the tone of his last letter, where he mentions his correction of the proofs, is that of one thoroughly conversant with Moro.

A few months later there is another letter from Manila. He has been undergoing treatment for his illness. The doctor would have him leave the tropics, but at his earnest pleading gives him a respite, though of a novel kind. He was to be permitted to stay in the Islands which were killing him, that he might finish his Catechism. His visit to the leper colony fills him with joy, for he learns from the Chaplain that there is great need of his Catechism and that the leper Moros readily embrace the faith.

Manila Observatory: February 7, 1919.

Two American missionaries, Father Price and Father Ford, honored the Observatory with a visit. Our present apostolic school is a part of the Observatory Building. This building a few years ago was our college of St. Francis Xavier. There are several fine paintings of incidents in the life of our great missionary. Father Price was most interested in these and in everything pertaining to the Saint.

The section of China assigned to the new American missionaries adjoins the Jesuit section, and from China can be seen the island on which St. Francis Xavier died. I must tell you that your welcome letter came at a very critical time. Apparently I had but a short time more to live. But just then, after long observation and study, the doctor at last diagnosed the disease correctly; a tropical kind through which the patient simply withers away. The doctor knew then exactly what was to be done; and the principal thing was to start a Lent—six weeks—all for myself. During that time and down to the present—I

finished the six weeks last Monday—I have not been allowed to eat as much as a crumb of bread; but I was permitted and even obliged to take great quantities of milk. The doctor ordered me to return to America. Then I explained to him my work on the Catechism, its importance, and the circumstance that I had not yet finished. He told me that, if I would follow his directions, he would have me in condition to finish the Catechism and then I must leave the tropics. The hardest thing for me is that for more than two months I have been unable to work.

That is more than enough about illness, but I am going to tell you something more about the Catechism, and to do so I must tell you about Culion. Several weeks ago I asked the Superior of the mission for the privilege of accompanying him on his visitation to Culion, the island of the leper colony. The Superior is most kind and he granted my request, though I had to make the voyage as an invalid wrapped up in a blanket on a steamer chair. With one of the Chaplains I was allowed to enter the leper section and visit the hospitals and some of the largest buildings, which are in a sense tribal, that is, in the same building are collected natives of some particular part of the Islands. Thus all in that house speak the same dialect and have for companions their former neighbors. Of course, I was most interested in my Sulu fellow-citizens. There are three main divisions of Moros, each with its own language. You can imagine how delighted I was to hear from the Chaplain that the people easiest to convert and prepare for death are my Sulu Moros. Here they are away from the strong Mohammedan influence of Jolo. The mortality, too, is very high. On this island of disease and death, they readily accept the grace of conversion. There are about fifty Joloanos here; some are already baptized, the rest are in good dispositions. The reason I have told you about Culion is to quote what the Chaplain said: "We have great need of a Moro Catechism." Please pardon this handwriting of mine. I always write badly, but owing to weakness I am worse than usual now. Do not suppose from that remark that I am still very ill; on the contrary, the disease seems mostly gone, and I hope to be able soon to work.

Some members of the Society here have gone back to Spain. Father Superior remarked: "You would be going along with them if your Catechism were finished."—I ask all to pray for me that I may profit by my oppor-

tunities, and especially that I may be able to finish the Moro Catechism for the glory of our Divine Saviour.

Wm. M. McDonough, S. J.

We are now come to the last letter of Father McDonough, written a few months before his death. He returns from Manila to his mission at Jolo. It was to be but a farewell visit, marked by more difficulties met and overcome in the completion of his Catechism. From Jolo he passes to Zamboanga, where he had first arrived ten years before. He goes there not only that he may receive medical attention, but that he may supervise the printing of the Catechism. His strength is fast ebbing, but he always finds himself strong enough to read the proof; a fact which he attributes to prayer.

Like Francis Xavier dying in sight of the land he had longed to evangelize, Father McDonough lies dying in sight of his promised land—his Moro Catechism—the instrument with which he had hoped to convert the Moro. In its preparation he had worn out his life. His sacrifice was now complete.

Zamboanga, Christmas Day, 1919.

This letter will, of course, not reach you till next year, but let me say that it is my only Christmas letter. In fact I don't remember—it is so long ago—when I did write a letter. But I appreciate so highly the charity of your prayers in my behalf that, **Deo Volente,** I am going to write one now. These statements sound somewhat mysterious, so I must explain, though what I am going to say may seem like the wanderings of a hypochondriac. Well, you know I have been seriously ill for perhaps a year and a half. I think I told you that the doctor in Manila advised departure for America; but after hearing the facts concerning the Moro Catechism, he consented to allow me to remain for some time longer. I went back to Jolo and, after meeting many difficulties, succeeded in finishing the manuscript. People seeing the Arabic characters say, "How difficult!"—The difficulty is not with the Arabic characters—all that can be learned in a week. The difficulty is with the Moro language—in trying, for example, to translate a sentence when there is not even one Moro word corresponding exactly to the original. I have been here in Zamboanga for some time looking after the printing. According to my previous calculation the work should end this year. But we are only a little more than half through. The printers are all

Moros; in spite of my urging, the best they can do is to turn out eight pages a week—and often enough they fail to do that much. I am always ill—sometimes have been very ill; my rallying from these attacks seems to take place without adequate natural cause. I attribute it to prayer. A peculiar thing is that I am always able to do the work required for the Catechism; for example, proof-reading, though I am unfit for other work. The Little Flower has been in many respects an immense help, especially in the matter of solving difficulties and in regard to health. You see why I must write at least one Christmas Letter.

You will be glad to know that Rev. Doctor McGlinchey of Boston Propagation of the Faith Office has forwarded to me over fifteen hundred pesos ($750), to meet the expenses of publishing the Catechism. Notwithstanding the slowness of my Moro printers, I expect to finish my work here within a few months; and then for another clime, as I hope to make my retreat in Spain. Think what "Manresa" and the "Exercises" made there mean to a Jesuit!

Wm. M. McDonough, S. J.

It was to another Manresa that Father McDonough was to pass, to spend not eight days but an eternity in converse with God. The time of exercise was over, and this athlete of Christ, having fought a good fight, was to receive of his Lord the crown of victory. On the octave of the feast of the Ascension, Thursday, May 20, 1920, Father McDonough died. If his spirit hovered over his last home upon earth, it must have rejoiced that it was to two of his loved Moros that the sad privilege was entrusted of carrying the poor, worn body to its resting place in the little cemetery near Zamboanga.

Philip M. Finegan, S. J.

OBITUARY.

JAMES A. KENNELLY, S. J.

On Tuesday evening, March 8, 1927, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Tacoma, a great soul in the person of James A. Kennelly of the Society of Jesus went peacefully to his Maker. Surrounded by a loyal group of friends, purified by months of acute suffering, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, conscious almost to the last moment, he met "the grim imposter"—death—with the same cheerful courage he had always displayed in facing the vicissitudes of life.

One hates to chronicle the passing of such a man. Just as one is saddened by the thin line of the G. A. R., when they are mustered out for parade, so too despondency grips us as we realize that the pioneer priests who did so much for the Northwest are becoming fewer and fewer. They came of sturdy stock. Physical labor was the daily routine; while mental development was only obtained by surmounting the greatest obstacles. We frequently put Lincoln up—and rightly so—as a fine example of mental success in spite of overwhelming difficulties, but when the great story of life is told on the Last Day, along with the Great Emancipator, will appear a shining group of priests who spent their time during the day in working with and caring for their Indian charges, and the wee hours of the morning found them pondering over abstract questions in philosophy and theology, preparing for the time when they would offer to the Lord that Clean Oblation on which their hearts were set.

To this group belongs Jim Kennelly. Born in Washington, D. C., November 6, 1866, he entered the Society August 14, 1885. When Father Judge returned from Alaska and visited the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Maryland, in 1886, he spoke of the hardships and the sacrifices and the consolations of work in the Rocky Mountains. The tale fired the heart of young Kennelly, and together with three others he came to Saint Ignatius Mission, Montana. Years of toil and hardship and application to study awaited him there, and yet withal happy years too, for he was learning to be a miner,—a spiritual miner and to prospect for souls. From 1888 until his ordination in 1900 by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Dea, he was stationed at Gonzaga College, Spokane. In point of fact, outside of a few years in Juneau, Alaska, and

Missoula, Montana, his whole career was spent at old Gonzaga; and that institution owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude both for the way he entered into the individual difficulties of each student, and for the efficient way he maintained discipline in spite of opposition from day scholar and boarder.

Father Kennelly, or, as his boys lovingly dubbed him, "Big Jim", had an uncanny faculty of entering into the heart of a boy. Standing by the main building, his eagle eye took in not alone the many lads on the campus but he seemed to divine their mental troubles as well. If you were down-hearted or discouraged you were sure to be joined by two or three jolly fellows who somehow or other took you out of yourself. Months afterwards you might learn by accident that Father Kennelly had sent them to cheer you. He interested himself not only in your moral development but in your studies as well. He inquired from the teachers periodically as to how you were studying; and as a result he always had an appropriate word for you when you happened to meet up with him. You were in for a gentle scolding if you needed one: you were congratulated if the report from your teacher was a favorable one. Somewhere in the writing of St. Paul we read how the apostle had the talent to enter into the worries and difficulties of everyone of his subjects,—he became all in all to each of them. A similar gift had Father Kennelly. He knew each boy by name, who his parents were, from whence he came. Especially did he enter into all our athletic endeavors. It is no exaggeration to say that he was more interested in the success of a football or a baseball game than the boys actually on the team. During innings of a hotly-contested baseball game, you would frequently see him back of the grand-stand, walking nervously up and down, saying his beads for the success of the school. If we happened to lose, he was all kindness, consoling us with the statement that we would have another chance at our opponents and then we certainly would defeat them. The present writer, looking over Father Kennelly's effects after his death, found three large, bulky albums, containing innumerable group pictures of boys. These pictures were arranged according to years and below them were written the names of each boy in the picture. We, who knew him intimately, were well aware that not only did he possess our photographs, but our names were written too in that big, generous heart of his.

Outside of Gonzaga, people had the conviction that Father Kennelly was very strict as a disciplinarian. He was strict but not excessively so. His punishments were always tempered with mercy and kindness. And I think one of the best proofs that his boys not only feared but loved him is seen in the fact that just as soon as Father Kennelly began to hear confession in the Church, the majority of the boys were seen around his confessional. Then the heart of the priest showed itself. He who never used endearing terms on the campus, used them frequently in God's tribunal. A totally different phase of character was revealed to us. And how he urged us on to become men not "sheiks!" That was the motive behind all all his actions,—to make real men of us,—men capable of standing up against the world and the principles of the world,—men fit to fight the battle of life, to give blows and receive blows,—men of strong moral character, ready to face all difficulties. One has but to look over the roster of fine, active, fervent Catholic men in the Northwest to see that he succeeded. No hot-house plants are they; no weaklings like an empty bag that is incapable of an upright position. They bear the impress of his personality. Vixit! Amavit! Like him, they live too, they are filled with enthusiasm, with energy. And like him too, they love,—they love rightousness and hate iniquity, they love truth and hate falsehood, they love the neighbor and hate selfishness.

I think the greatest proof of all that his boys loved and revered him though, took place at the funeral. When all is said and done there is a great deal in the old adage that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." There had been a hotly-contested election a day previous; and little or no notice of the death of Father Kennelly had appeared in the Spokane papers. Yet in some mysterious way it was noised about that "Big Jim" was coming back home,—for the last time to the place where he had toiled and spent himself. There were quiet meetings of old-time friends and grads., and when Saturday morning came—the day of the burial—though the hour of the Mass was an early one, no high dignitary of Church or State ever received the silent tribute that was accorded to him. Some seventy-five to a hundred automobiles joined the funeral cortége to Mount Saint Michael's, where we laid him to rest till the angel calls the dead on the Last Day.

It is just the spot our friend would have chosen had he a choice in the matter. A host of kindly neighbors sleep about him,—old-time companions in labors and difficulties. His grave is next to his quondam Provincial and associate, Father James Rockliff. It is easy of access for those who loved him in life and who will gather courage and consolation from a visit to his grave after death. There is the smiling Spokane valley below, every inch of its ground familiar to him; there is the blue sky above, and, in the distance, the pine trees and firs to sing a gentle requiem for the repose of his heroic soul.

R. I. P.

VARIA.

HOME NEWS

PHILOSOPHERS' ACADEMY: October 27, 1927. "Resolved: That Mommsen's condemnation of Cicero as a statesman and orator is justified." Affirmative: Messrs. S. E. Curtin, S. J. Toranich. Negative: G. A. Bahlman, A. V. Keane. December 15, 1926. "Resolved: That the Educational ideal of the Society of Jesus is essentially different from that embodied in Newman's 'Idea of a University'." Affirmative: Messrs. J. F. Gilson, T. P. Murray. Negative: Messrs. J. F. Gallen, W. J. Pangborn.

FEBRUARY DISPUTATIONS: Ex Tractatu De Deo Uno. Defender, Mr. William J. Murphy; Objectors, Messrs. Anthony J. Bleicher, Leo J. Gilleran. Ex Tractatu De Poenitentia. Defender, Mr. Bernard V. Shea; Objectors, Messrs. Thomas C. Hughes, David J. Moran.

ESSAYS: Ex Sacra Scriptura. "Modes of Divine Revelation To The Old Testament Prophets", by Mr. Francis X. Peirce. Ex Jure Canonico. "The Marlborough Case" by Mr. Earl J. Carpenter.

APRIL DISPUTATIONS: Ex Tractatu De Traditione et Scriptura. Defender, Mr. Joseph L. Hisken. Objectors, Messrs. Vincent A. Gookin, Gerald D. Flynn. Ex Tractatu De Ecclesia. Defender, Mr. Edward Hodous. Objectors, Messrs. Edward Holton, Walter Kennedy.

Ex Epistemologia. Defender, Mr. William G. Griffith. Objectors, Messrs. Leo P. Kinn, William J. Mulcahy.

CHEMISTRY: (Illustrated Lecture.) The Oxides of Carbon and Their Effect on the Living Organism." Mr. F. J. Ewing assisted by Mr. S. E. Curtin.

ORDINATIONS by His Grace
Most Rev. Archbishop Michael J. Curley, D. D.
June 23, 1927.

Jesus V. Escalante	Cornelius A. Herlihy
Aemilius M. Azarraga	Francis X. Peirce
Joseph M. Balfe	Edward T. Cassidy
Anthony J. Bleicher	Raymond R. Goggin
Francis E. Garner	David W. McCauley

John J. McLaughlin
Peter J. Torpy
Laurence A. Walsh
John A. Pollock
Robert J. Kane
Michael J. Dougherty
William A. Glaser
James A. Walsh
Morgan A. Downey
Anthony L. Gampp
Thomas C. Hughes
John J. Kehoe
Alfred A. Purcell
Theodore A. Ray
John J. Treubig
Joseph B. Muenzen
Louis B. Fink
John J. Balfe
Maurice A. Meagher
Theodore T. Farley
Walter J. Hamilton
James A. McCarl
Thomas A. Steele
John F. Hurley
Arthur V. Shea
William A. Mulherin
Joachim Lim